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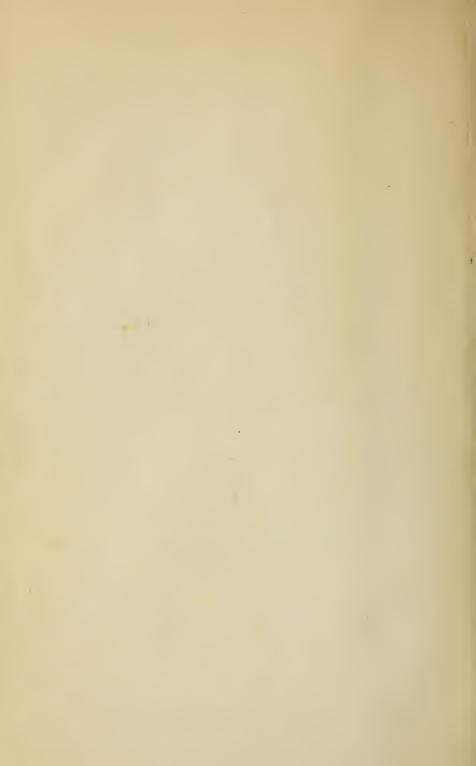
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SONGS

OF

LOVE AND MERCY

FOR THE YOUNG.

A HYMN AND TUNE BOOK

FOR

CHILDREN'S SERVICES AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

"THE HYMNS SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY
"THE CHILDREN'S SPECIAL SERVICE MISSION."

The corresponding Hymn Book-"SONGS OF LOVE AND MERCY," containing all the Hymns, may be had, Price 2d.; in Cloth, 3d.

THE HARMONIES BY
R. HAINWORTH,

FELLOW OF THE COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS.

- supplied

LONDON: MORGAN AND SCOTT, (OFFICE OF The Christian),

12. PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, E.C.

And may be ordered of any Bookseller.

PREFACE.

THE Hymn Book for Children, entitled "Songs of Love and Mercy" (containing 326 Hymns), has been for some time before the public, and in considerable demand. The publication of the present

COMPANION BOOK OF TUNES

will serve to extend the use of that Hymn Book in Sunday Schools and Children's Services.

About seventy of the Hymns in the corresponding Book of Words are taken, by express permission, from "SACRED SONGS AND SOLOS." It has not been thought requisite to reproduce here the Tunes for these Hymns, as they have become thoroughly familiar to the people of this country—both children and adults; and the well-known Tune Book bearing that title is already in the hands of almost every one who can read Music at all. The repetition of these Tunes here would have considerably added to the cost of the volume, whilst supplying most persons with duplicates of Tunes they already possessed.

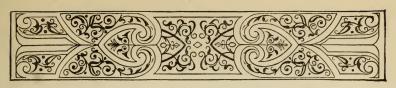
However, in order to meet every requirement, a number of copies of the present Tune Book will be kept on hand, bound up in one volume along with the Tunes of "SACRED SONGS AND SOLOS."*

In the numerous instances in which two or more Hymns can appropriately be sung to the same Tune, the words of such Hymns are printed on the same page or opening as that in which the suitable Tune appears. This plan, which will be found of practical convenience, necessarily somewhat interferes with the consecutive order generally adopted through the Book.

In order that the Choir-leader may not be at a loss, a few Tunes are provided for the S.M., C.M., and L.M. Hymns; but Tunes to these Metres are so numerous and so well-known, that it is probable that in most cases the leader will prefer adopting those of his or her own selection.

It only remains to add that a considerable number of the Tunes in this Book are copyright, and that the Harmonies of all have been arranged or revised by the gentleman whose name appears on the Title, a skilled musician, and a Fellow of the College of Organists. These arrangements are, of course, copyright also.

^{*} For Particulars see Advertisement at end of this Book.



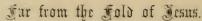
Songs of Yobe and Mercy



Lead me to Jesus, He will receive me,
He is so loving, gentle, and mild;
Calling the children, bidding them welcome:
Surely He calls me—I am a child.

3.
Tell me of Jesus, tell of His mercy:
Is there a fountain flowing so free?
All who are willing drink of its waters—
Say, is that fountain flowing for me?

Lord, I am coming! Jesus, my Saviour,
Pity my weakness; make me Thy child:
I would receive Thee, trust and believe Thee,
I would be like Thee—gentle and mild.





2. To His bosom close He pressed me, Pardoned all my sin; Led me by the stillest waters Into pastures green. Now all day I'm glad and joyful, Happy in His love; All the night my rest is peaceful, Guarded from above.

2.

- 3. Evermore I'll trust in Jesus, He shall be my guide; No allurements shall entice me From my Shepherd's side. By-and-by from earth's temptations He will give me rest, And in heaven's greener pastures Make me ever blest.
- 3. SAFE in the arms of Jesus. For Words and Music see "Songs and Solos," No. 25.
- I AM so glad that our Father in heaven .- See "Songs and Solos," No. 3.
- TELL me the Old, Old Story .- See "Songs and Solos," No. 14.





284. Come. children, and learn of the infinite grace Of Jesus, in coming to die; The tale of His wonderful grace When He comes in the clouds will you joyfully view,

How He left His bright throne, that all-glorious place-His beautiful home in the sky

Oh, think of the Lamb, who on Calvary died,

And died for such sinners as we;

Of the thorns on His brow, and the spear in His side,

When He suffered and bled on the tree.

2. Ah, never was sorrow so bitter as this,
The anguish He suffered below,

For the dear Son of God had done nothing amiss; Twas for others He tasted such woe.

Oh, think of His love, when He gave up His life

Twas for them that He finished the conflict and strife, Twas for them that He bled on the tree.

3. Dear little ones, think, is it nothing to you,

Or tremble to look in His face? Oh, think of the Lamb who on Calvary died,

And died for such sinners as we

Of the thorns on His brow, and the spear in His side, When He suffered and bled on the tree.

4. When He comes back to reign in glory so bright,

The wicked He'll fill with despair;
But children who love Him, will rise with delight
To meet their dear Lord in the air. Oh, think of His love, when He gave up His life

'Twas for them that He died on the tree.

For sinners so guilty as we:
'Twas for them that He finished the conflict and strife,



Our Lobing Redeemer .- continued.

 Our sins are as scarlet, do Thou make us clean, Washed white in Thy blood as the beautiful snow; The robe of Thy righteousness on us be seen,

The joy of forgiveness our young hearts shall know.
We come, oh we come;

Thou wilt welcome us home; Our peace, like a river, unbroken shall flow. 3. When life is all over, we hope then above,
Where cometh no terror, where falleth no tear,
To sing in sweet numbers Thy wonderful love,
With all who in childhood have followed Thee here,
We come, oh we come;

Thou wilt welcome us home,

In the glory of heaven at last to appear.



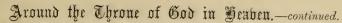
- 29. Come, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.
 - "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus;"
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 "For He was slain for us."
 - 3. Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine;

- And blessings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
- 4. Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
 And speak Thine endless praise.
- The whole creation join in one, To bless the sacred name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne, And to adore the Lamb.
- 45. I LOVE to think, though I am young,
 My Saviour was a child;
 That Jesus walked this earth along,
 With feet all undefiled.
 - He kept His Father's word of truth, As I am taught to do; And while He walked the paths of youth, He walked in wisdom too.
 - I love to think that He who spake, And made the blind to see, And called the sleeping dead to wake, Was once a child like me:
- 4. That He who wore the thorny crown, And tasted death's despair, Had a kind mother like my own, And knew her love and care.
- I know 'twas all for love of me That He became a child, And left the heavens so fair to see, And trod earth's pathway wild.
- Then, Saviour, who wast once a child, A child may come to Thee;
 And oh, in all Thy mercy mild, Dear Saviour, come to me.
- THERE is a name I love to hear, I love to speak its worth; It sounds like music in my ear, The sweetest name on earth.
 - 2. It tells me of a Saviour's love, Who died to set me free! It tells me of His precious blood, The sinner's perfect plea.
 - 3. It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deepest woe;

Who in my sorrow bears a part That none can bear below.

- It bids my trembling heart rejoice, It dries each rising tear; It tells me, in a "still small voice," To trust and never fear.
- 5. Jesus, the name I love so well,
 The name I love to hear!
 No saint on earth its worth can tell,
 No heart conceive how dear!







3. Because the Saviour shed His blood To wash away their sin; Bathed in that pure and precious flood Behold them white and clean!

4. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace. On earth they loved His name; So now they see His blessed face, And stand before the Lamb.

- 132. I FEEL like singing all the time, My tears are wiped away, For Jesus is a Friend of mine: I'll serve Him every day.
 - When on the cross my Lord I saw. Nailed there by sins of mine,
 Fast fell the burning tears; but now I'm singing all the time.
 - "When fierce temptations try my heart, I'll sing 'Jesus is mine';
- And so, though tears at times may start, I'm singing all the time.
- 4, Oh, happy little singing one,
 What music is like thine!
 With Jesus as thy Life and Sun,
 Go singing all the time.
- "The melting story of the Lamb,"
 Tell with that voice of thine,
 Till others, with the glad new song,
 Go singing all the time.



Oh, happy were those children— We wish we had been there— Who gained the Saviour's blessing, And heard His loving prayer. We wish His hands had rested Upon our heads as well,

And we had heard the lessons Which from the Master fell.

189. ASHAMED to be a Christian! Afraid the world should know Arraid the world should ke
I'm on my way to Zion,
Where joys eternal flow!
Forbid it, O my Saviour,
That I should ever be
Afraid to wear Thy colours,

Or blush to follow Thee,

And yet we know that Jesus

Is with us every day; He stands within our chamber, When we kneel down to pray He speaks when we are reading,

Although no voice is heard: And whispers many blessings To children in His Word.

Ashamed to be a Christian!

To love my God and King!
The fire of zeal is burning,
My soul is on the wing:
I want a faith made perfect,
That all the world may see I stand a living witness

My guilty fear, depart!

I will not heed the tempter
That whispers to my heart. Dear Saviour, though unworthy, Yet this my only plea—

Thy all-atoning merit For Thou hast died for me.

Until some day in glory We at His side shall stand:

Our harps of gold we'll bring, And sit down at His footstool,

And endless praises sing.

Ashamed to be a Christian!

And then with those same children,

Poor and needy though I be, God Almighty cares for me,— Gives me clothing, shelter, food, Gives me all I have of good.

- He will hear me when I pray, He is with me night and day; When I sleep and when I wake, For the Lord my Saviour's sake.
- 3. He who reigns above the sky, Once became as poor as I;

He whose blood for me was shed, Had not where to lay His head.

- 4. Though I labour here awhile, He will bless me with His smile; And when this short life is past, I shall rest with Him at last.
- 5. Then to Him I'll tune my song, Happy as the day is long; This my joy for ever be— God Almighty cares for me.

For Tune, see "Songs and Solos," No. 138.



- 2. Art Thou my Father? canst Thou bear To hear my poor, imperfect, prayer? Or wilt Thou listen to the praise That such a feeble one can raise?
- 3. Art Thou my Father? let me be A meek, obedient child to Thee; And try in word, and deed, and thought, To serve and please Thee as I ought.
- Art Thou my Father? I'll depend Upon the care of such a Friend, And only wish to do and be Whatever seemeth good to Thee.
- 5. Art Thou my Father? then, at last, When all my days on earth are past, Send down and take me in Thy love, To be Thy better child above.
- 51. When I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
 - Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the cross of Christ my God: All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to His blood.
- See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down: Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorus compose so rich a crown?
- 4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were an offering far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all!
- 93. Behold, a Stranger at the door, He gently knocks, has knocked before, Has waited long, is waiting still: You use no other friend so ill.
 - 2. But will He prove a friend indeed? He will,—the very friend you need; The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He, With garments dyed at Calvary.
 - 3. O lovely attitude! He stands, With melting heart and open hands:

- O matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
- 4. Admit Him, for the human breast No'er entertained so kind a guest: No mortal tongue their joys can tell, With whom He condescends to dwell.
- 5. Rise, touched with gratitude Divine, Turn out His enemy and thine; Turn out that hateful monster, sin, And let the Heavenly Stranger in.
- 188. Jesus! and shall it ever be,
 A sinful child ashamed of Thee!—
 Ashamed of Thee whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days?
 - Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heaven depend! No! when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere His name.
- 3. Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash away, No tears to wipe, no joys to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 4. Till then, nor is my boasting vain, Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain! And oh, may this my glory be, That Christ is not ashamed of me!



- 275. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal;
 Sin and want we come confessing:
 Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
 - Though the night be dark and dreary, Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
- Thou art He who, never weary, Watchest where Thy people be.
- 3. Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch become our tomb, May the morn in heaven awake us, Clad in light, and deathless bloom.



- 2. Tell us, pilgrims, what you hope for In that far-off, better land? Spotless robes, and crowns of glory, From a Saviour's loving hand. We shall drink of life's clear river, We shall dwell with God for ever, We shall dwell with God for ever, In that bright, that better land.
- 3. Pilgrims, may we travel with you
 To that bright and better land?
 Come and welcome! come and welcome!
 Welcome to our pilgrim band!
 Come, oh come, and do not leave us;
 Christ is waiting to receive us,
 In that bright, that better land





2. We are marching on: our Captain ever near, Will protect us still; His gentle voice we hear. Let the foe advance, we'll never, never fear, For we'll work till Jesus calls.

Then awake, awake, our happy, happy song, We will shout for joy, and gladly march along; In the Lord of hosts let every heart be strong, While we work till Jesus calls.

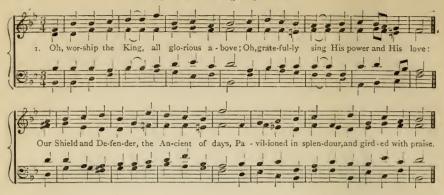
3 We are marching on the strait and narrow way, That will lead to life and everlasting day, To the smiling fields that never will decay; But we'll work till Jesus calls.

We are marching on and pressing towards the prize, To a glorious crown beyond the glowing skies, To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies; And we'll work till Jesus calls.

21. LIGHT in the darkness, sailor, day is at hand.—See "Songs and Solos," No. 99.



3. Our souls can never die;
Though in the tomb
We all may have to lie,
Wrapped in its gloom,
What though the flesh decay!
Souls pass in peace away,
Live through eternal day
With Christ above.
Our souls can never die,
No, never die!



Oh, tell of His might, oh, sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space; His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

The earth, with its store of wonders untold, Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old; Hath stablished it fast, by a changeless decree, And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain, And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail, In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end! Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

156.

My Saviour, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the pleasures of sin I resign; My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour, art Thou, If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me, And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree; I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow, "If ever I loved Thee, my Saviour, 'tis now." I'll love Thee in life, and I'll love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath; And say, when the death-dew lies cold on my brow, "If ever I loved Thee, my Saviour, 'tis now."

In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in yon heaven of light;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
"If ever I loved Thee, my Saviour, tis now."

204.

BEGONE, unbelief!
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will surely appear
By faith let me wrestle,
And He will perform;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.

If dark be my way,
Since He is my guide,
Tis mine to obey;
'Tis His to provide:
Though cisterns be broken
And creatures all fail,
The word He hath spoken
Shall surely prevail.

January His love in time past
Forbids me to think'
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink:
Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review,
Confirms His good pleasure
To help me quite through.

Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The med'cine is food;
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long;
And then, oh, how pleasant
The conqueror's song!

280.

How kind is the Saviour! how great is His love!
To bless little children He came from above;
He left holy angels and their bright abode,
To live here with children, and teach them the road.

He wept in the garden, and died on the tree, To open a fountain for sinners like me; His blood is that fountain, which pardon bestows, And cleanses the foulest wherever it flows. He went back to glory, but left us His Word, Which oft from our teachers and pastors we've heard; He sends forth His Spirit our hearts to inflame With joy in His service and love to His name.

Oh, help us, blest Jesus, more sweetly to praise, And walk in Thy footsteps the rest of our days; Then raise us, dear Saviour, to taste of Thy love, And praise Thee for ever with children above.

In singing Hymns 156 and 180 to above tune, the tied crotchets in first stave should be sung to separate syllables.

10.11.



- He, with all-commanding might,
 Filled the new-made world with light:
 For His mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
- All things living He doth feed, His full hand supplies their need: For His mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 All our wants He doth supply, Loves to hear our humble cry: For His mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.

- He hath, with a piteous eye, Looked upon our misery: For His mercics shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.
- His own Son He sent to die, Us to raise to joys on high: For His mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.
- Let us then, with gladsome mind, Praise the Lord, for He is kind: For His mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 249. GLORY to the Father give,
 God in whom we move and live;
 Children's prayers He deigns to hear,
 Children's songs delight His ear.
 - Glory to the Son we bring, Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King; Children, raise your sweetest strain To the Lamb, for He was slain.
- Glory to the Holy Ghost,
 Be this day a Pentecost:
 Children's minds may He inspire,
 Touch their tongues with holy fire.
- Glory in the highest be To the blessed Trinity!
 For the gospel from above,
 For the word that "God is love."
- 277. BLESSED Jesus, ere we part,
 Speak Thy blessing to each heart;
 Blesséd Jesus, Saviour blest,
 Breathe Thy peace through every breast.
 - When this night our eyelids close, Let us in Thine arms repose: Blesséd Jesus, Son of God, Wash us in Thy precious blood.
- Blesséd Jesus, Saviour dear!
 Through the darkness be Thou near;
 Blesséd Jesus, Light Divine!

 Let Thy presence round us shine.
- By our couch Thy station keep, Guard from evil while we sleep; Blesséd Jesus, Saviour bright, Guide us safe to realms of light.

- 303. Met again in Jesu's name,
 At His throne we humbly bow:
 He is evermore the same;
 Lo, He waits to meet us now.
 - In His name, if two or three Meet, and for His mercy call, "There," the Saviour saith, "I'll be In the midst to bless you all."
- 3. "You shall never ask in vain,
 Though your number be but few;
 Firm the promise doth remain,—
 'Lo! I always am with you,'"
- 4. Saviour, we believe the word, Calmly wait the promised grace; Spirit of our risen Lotd, Holy Spirit, fill this place!



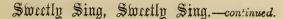
Come. Let As All Unite to Sing.

P.M.



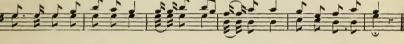
- 3. How happy is our portion here—
 God is love!
 His promises our spirits cheer—
 God is love!
 He is our Sun and Shield by day,
 By night He near our tents will stay,
 He will be with us all the way—
 God is love!
- 4. What though my heart and flesh shall fail!—
 God is love!
 Through Christ I shall o'er death prevail—
 God is love!
 E'en Jordan's swell I will not fear,
 For Jesus will be with me there,
 My soul above the waves to bear—
 God is love!







Praise to Him who reigns a -bove. Raise your songs, raise your songs, Now with thank-ful tongues. Ne'er can come this sweet-est song, "Re-deem-ing love, re-deem-ing love, Brought us here a -bove.



- 3. Far away, far away
 We in sin's dark valley lay;
 Jesus came, Jesus came,
 Blesséd be His name!
 He redeemed us by His grace,
 Then prepared in heaven a place
 To receive, to receive
 All who will believe.
- 4. Now we know, now we know We from earth must shortly go; Soon the call, soon the call Comes to one and all. Saviour, when our time shall come, Take us to our heavenly home: There we'll raise notes of praise Through unending days.



- Once from heaven to earth He same, Suffered death, contempt, and blame, Died upon a cross of shame, Crowned with thorns.
- 4. 'Twas our sinful souls to save Thus His precious blood He gave! Ransomed now from sin's dark grave, We may sing.
- Oh, what boundless grace and love, Passing all our thoughts above!
 Fear and unbelief remove
 At the cross.

- Blesséd Jesus, loving, kind, We would early seek and find; And our souls in covenant bind, Thine to be.
- 7. For our sins we deeply grieve,
 But Thy promise we believe—
 "Him that cometh I receive:"
 Lord, we come.
- Help us love Thee more and more, Serve Thee truly evermore, Till Thy mercy we adore In heaven above.



When He left His throne in glory,
When He lived with mortals here,
Little children sang His praises,
And it pleased His gracious ear.
Sweet hosannas,
To the name of Jesus sing!

When the anxious mothers round Him, With their tender infants pressed; He with open arms received them, And the little ones He blessed. Sweet hosannas

Sweet hosannas
To the name of Jesus sing!

4.
Up in yonder spirit-regions,
Angels sound the chorus high;
Twice ten thousand times ten thousand
Sound His praises through the sky.
Sweet hosamas
To the name of Jesus sing!

5.
Come, ye children, praise the Saviour!
Praise Him, your undying Friend!
Praise Him, till in heaven you meet Him,
There to praise Him without end.
Sweet hosannas

236.

Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er ail the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flock by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

To the name of Jesus sing!

Children now your praises bringing,
Lift your gladsome voices high;
Round the manger join in singing,
"Christ was born for us to die":
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

WE praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone above. Hallelujah! Thine the glory; Hallelujah! Amen. Hallelujah! Thine the glory; Revive us again.

We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

All glory and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our wavs.

Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love: May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

Revive us again; rouse the dead from their tomb: May they now come to Jesus, while yet there is

For Tune, see "Songs and Solos," No. 72.

31. REJOICE and be glad! the Redeemer has come! Go look on His cradle, His cross, and His tomb! Sound His praises, tell the Story of Him who was slain; Sound His praises, tell with gladness, He liveth again.

Rejoice and be glad! it is sunshine at last; The clouds have departed, the shadows are past.

Rejoice and be glad! for the blood hath been shed; Redemption is finished, the price hath been paid.

Rejoice and be glad! Now the pardon is free; The Just for the unjust has died on the tree.

Rejoice and be glad! for the Lamb that was slain O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.

Rejoice and be glad! for our King is on high: He pleadeth for us on His throne in the sky.

Rejoice and be glad! for He cometh again; He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain. Sound His praises, tell the Story of Him who was Sound His praises, tell with gladness, He cometh again.

For Tune, see "Songs and Solos," No. 72.



Let every kindred, every tribe On this terrestrial ball To Him all majesty ascribe And crown Him Lord of all.

A. Oh that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall, Join in the everlasting song And crown Him Lord of all !



- Sing of His dying love, Sing of His rising power!
 Sing how He intercedes above, For us whose sins He bore!
- Ye pilgrims on the road To Zion's city, sing!
 Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God, In Christ th' eternal King!

- Soon shall we hear Him say, "Ye blessed children, come!"
 Soon will He call us hence away, To our eternal home.
- 5 There shall our raptured tongue His endless praise proclaim; And sweeter voices tune the song Of Moses and the Lamb.
- 62. Noτ all the blood of beasts,
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away its stain:
 - 2. But Christ, the heavenly Lamb, Takes all our sins away;
 - A sacrifice of nobler name, And richer blood than they
 - 3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of Thine,

- While like a penitent I stand, And there confess my sin.
- 4. My soul looks back to see The burden Thou didst bear, When hanging on the accurséd tree, For all her guilt was there.
- Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove;

 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing His wondrous love.
- 306. SOLDIERS of Christ! arise,
 And put your armour on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies,
 Through His eternal Son.
 - Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in His mighty power:
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts Is more than conqueror!
 - Stand then in His great might, With all His strength endued;

- And take, to arm you for the fight, The armour of your God.
- 4. From strength to strength go on ; Wrestle, and fight, and pray; Tread all the powers of darkness down, And win the well-fought day;
- That, having all things done, And all your conflicts past,
 Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone, And stand complete at last.

- Ye servants of the Lord,
 Each in his office wait,
 Observant of His heavenly word,
 And watchful at His gate.
 - Let all your lamps be bright,
 And trim the golden flame;
 Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
 For Holy is His name.
 - 3. Watch: 'tis your Lord's command; And while we speak, He's near;

- Mark the first signal of His hand, And ready all appear.
- 4. Oh, happy servant he,
 In such a posture found!
- He shall his Lord with rapture see, And be with honour crowned.
- Christ shall the banquet spread With His own royal hand,
 And raise that favoured servant's head,
 Amidst the angelic band.



- COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove, With light and comfort from above: 244. Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide, O'er every thought and step preside.
 - 2. Conduct us safe, conduct us far From every sin and hurtful snare; Lead to Thy Word, which rules must give, And teach us lessons how to live.
 - 3. The light of truth to us display,
 And make us know and choose Thy way;
- Plant holy fear in every heart, That we from God may ne er depart.

His loving-kindness changes not

- 4. Lead us to holiness, the road
 That we must take to dwell with God: Lead us to Christ, the Living Way, Nor let us from His pastures stray.
- 5. Lead us to God, our final rest, To be with Him for ever blest: Lead us to heaven, that we may share Fulness of joy for ever there.
- 267. LORD, how delightful 'tis to see A whole assembly worship Thee!

 At once they sing, at once they pray,
 They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
 - 2. I have been there, and still would go: Tis like a little heaven below: Let not my pleasure or my play E'er tempt me to forget this day.
- Oh, write upon my memory, Lord, The texts and doctrines of Thy Word; That I may break Thy laws no more, But love Thee better than before.
- With thoughts of Christ and things divine Fill up this foolish heart of mine; That, pleading pardon through His blood, I may lie down and wake with God.
- COMMAND Thy blessing from above, 304. O God, on all assembled here; Behold us with a Father's love While we look up with filial fear.
 - Command Thy blessing, Jesus ¹ Lord!
 May we Thy true disciples be;
 Speak to each heart the mighty word,
 Say to the weakest—Follow Me.
- 3. Command Thy blessing in this hour, Spirit of Truth! and fill the place With wounding and with healing power, With quickening and confirming grace.
- 4. With Thee and Thine for ever found. May all the souls who here unite, With harps and songs Thy throne surround, Rest in Thy love, and reign in light.

8.7.

Bise, My Soul, with Joy and Gladness. 35.

Rise, my soul, with joy and gladness, And the praise of Jesus sing; He removes the cause of sadness, Only Jesus life could bring:

He redeemed me;
Glory, glory, to my King!

- 2. He, to blot out my transgression, Died, and set the prisoner free; How I love this true confession,— Jesus died, He died for me! He redeemed me; Greater love could never be.
- 3. Well He knew my lost condition, Sinless offering God must have; Vain my tears and deep contrition,

Nought that I could do would save : He redeemed me, For His precious life He gave.

- 4. Now He lives, He lives for ever; And for His dear children pleads: One with Him, there's nought can sever Those for whom He intercedes: He redeemed me, And to glory safely leads.
- 5. Bright the prospect of that glory, Seen by faith at God's right hand; There we shall recount the story, In that happy, happy land; He redeemed me; Wondrous all His love had planned!

For Tune, see " Songs and Solos," No. 89.



146. Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness My beauty are, my glorious dress; 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.

Soon shall I pass this vale of death,

And in His arms shall lose my breath; Yet then my happy soul shall tell— "My Jesus hath done all things well."

- Bold shall I stand in that great day;
 For who aught to my charge shall lay?
 Fully absolved through these I am,
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3. When from the dust of death I rise To claim my mansion in the skies,

E'en then shall this be all my plea, "Jesus hath lived, and died for me."

And join the anthems of the skies, Above the rest this note shall swell— "My Jesus hath done all things well."

4. And when to that bright world I rise,

- 4. This spotless robe the same appears, When ruined nature sinks in years; No age can change its glorious hue, The robe of Christ is ever new.
- Oh, let the dead now hear Thy voice; Bild, Lord, Thy banished ones rejoice: Their beauty this, their glorious dress,— Jesus, the Lord our righteousness.
- JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone— He whom I fix my hopes upon; His track I see, and I'll pursue The narrow way, till Him I view.
 - The way the holy prophets went, The road that leads from banishment, The King's highway of holiness, I'll go; for all His paths are peace.
 - 3. This is the way I long have sought, And mourned because I found it not;

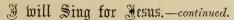
- Till late I heard my Saviour say, "Come hither, child, I am the way."
- 4. Lo, glad I come! and Thou, blest Lamb, Shalt take me to Thee as I am! My sinful self to Thee I give; Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 5. Then will I tell to sinners round, What a dear Saviour I have found; I'll point to Thy re keeming blood, And say, "Behold the way to God!"
- 259. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Doth his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax auc' wane no more.
 - People and realms of every tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song, And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on His Name,
- Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
 The prisoner leaps to lose his chains.
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.
- 4. Let every creature rise and bring Peculiar honours to our King; Angels, descend with songs again, And earth, repeat the loud Amen.



Journeying o er the road.
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God:
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking,
Tili the prize is won.

Jesus, Lord, and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet:
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.







40. The great Physician now is near .- See "Songs and Solos," No. 49.

His name alone prevailing

When heart and flesh are failing,

Shall be my sweetest music,



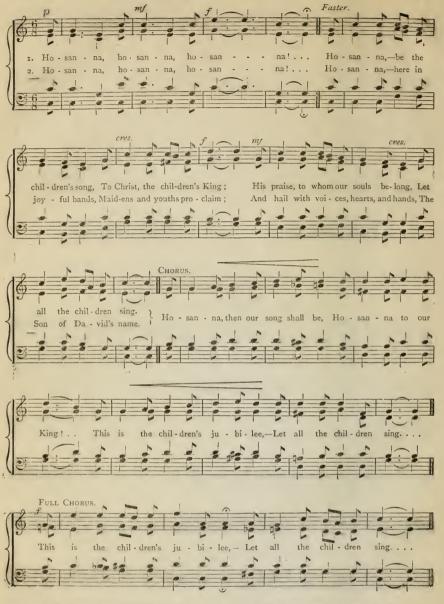
2. Once we wandered far from God,
Knowing not of Jesus;
Treading still the downward road,
Leading far from Jesus;
Till the Spirit taught us how
'Neath the Saviour's yoke to bow,
And we fain would follow now,
Jesus! only Jesus!

3. Be our trust through years to come,
Jesus! only Jesus!
Password to our heavenly home,
Jesus! only Jesus!
When from sin and sorrow tree,
On through all eternity,
This our theme and song shall be,
Jesus! only Jesus!

Oh, how I will adore Him,

Who cast their crowns before Him!

Among the cloud of witnesses



- Hosanna, —sound from hill to hill, And spread from plain to plain; While, louder, sweeter, clearer still, Woods ocho to the strain.
- Hosanna,—on the wings of light
 O'er earth and ocean fly;
 Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
 And heaven to earth reply.



2. Father, let Thy Holy Spirit
Show to me a Saviour's love,
And prepare me to inherit
Glory, where He reigns above.

There, with saints and angels dwelling, May I that great love proclaim, And with them be ever telling All the wonders of His name.

- 45. I LOVE to think, though I am young. Arranged under No. 10.
- 46. Jesus was the first to love us:
 Our dear Lord came from the sky,
 Lived a weary life of sorrow,
 Then a shameful death did die.
 We must all have died for ever,
 Had not Jesus died instead;
 Now our sins may all be covered,
 By the precious blood He shed.
 - 2. Oh, how dearly He has loved us,

 Long before we loved at all;

 Now with us He standeth pleading,

 And His loving voice doth call:

- "Do you love me? do you love Me?'
 Now I think I hear Him say;
 And He waiteth for the answer,
 Which my heart will give to-day.
- 3. Jesus, Lord, I think I love Thee,
 But I want to love Thee more;
 Now, I pray Thee, send Thy Spirit,
 In my heart Thy love to pour.
 "If ye love Me, if ye love Me,"
 Hark! again I hear Him say,
 "Do the things you know will please Me;
 All My loving words obey."
- 158. Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.
- 2. Oh, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love:
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal **,
 Seal it from Thy courts above.



- He went about—He was so kind— To cure poor people who were blind; And many who were sick and lame, He pitied them, and did the same.
- And more than that, He told them too The things that God would have them do; And was so gentle and so mild, He would have listened to a child.
- 4. But such a cruel death He died! He was hung up and crucified! And those kind hands that did such good, They nailed them to a cross of wood!
- 5. And so He died!—and this is why
 He came to be a man and die:
 The Bible says He came from heaven
 That we might have our sins forgiven.
- 108. On, do not let the word depart,
 Nor close thine eyes against the light;
 Poor sinner, harden not thy heart:
 Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?
 - 2. To-morrow's sun may never rise
 To bless thy half-awakened sight;
 Now is the time;—oh then, be wise!
 Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?
 - 3. Jesus is here; He waits to bless; Paid is the debt, and finished quite
- The mighty work—then look and live!
 Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?
- 4. The loving Saviour waiteth still; And wilt thou thus His love requite? Renounce at once thy stubborn will; Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?
- Oh, think what He has done for thee, Such matchless love no longer slight;
 To Him this hour for mercy flee: Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?
- 215. ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep; A calm and undisturbed repose, Unbroken by the last of foes.
 - 2. Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet;
 With holy confidence to sing,
 That death hath lost its venomed sting!
- 3. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is supremely blest! No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour Which manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4. Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me May such a blissful refuge be! Securely shall my ashes lie, And wait the summons from on high.
- 292. JESUS, to Thy dear arms I flee, I have no other help but Thee, For Thou dost suffer me to come; Oh, take a little wanderer home.
 - Jesus, I'll try my cross to bear, I'll follow Thee and never fear, From Thy dear fold I would not roam; Oh, take a little wanderer home.
- Jesus, I cannot see Thee here, Yet still I know Thou'rt very near; Oh, say my sins are all forgiven, And I shall dwell with Thee in heaven.
- 4. And now, Lord Jesus, I am Thine, Oh, be Thou ever, ever mine; And let me never, never roam From Thee, the little wanderer's home.

48. Icsus from His Throne on High.

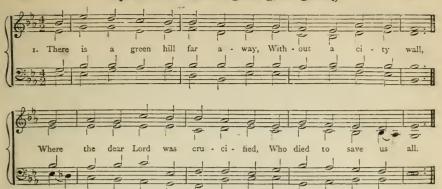
JESUS from His throne on high Came into the world to die; That I might from sin be free, Bled and died upon the tree.

Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me; Yes, Jesus loves me, the Bible tells me so.

 I can see Him even now, With His piercéd, thorn-clad brow, Agonizing on the tree: Oh, what love, and all for me!

- Now I feel this heart of stone
 Drawn to love God's Holy Son,
 "Lifted up" on Calvary,
 Suffering shame and death for me.
- Jesus, take this heart of mine;
 Make it pure, and wholly Thine:
 Thou hast bled and died for me,
 I will henceforth live for Thee.

For Tune, see " Songs and Solos," No. 60.



- We may not know—we cannot tell— What pains He had to bear;
 But we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there.
- He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good;
 That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by His precious blood.
- 4. There was no other good enough To pay the price of sin; He only could unlock the gate Of heaven, and let us in.
- Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved; And we must love Him too, And trust in His redeeming blood, And try His works to do.
- 149. A MIND at "perfect peace" with God, Oh, what a word is this!
 A sinner reconciled through blood—
 This, this indeed is peace.
 - By nature and by practice far— How very far !—from God;
 Yet now by grace brought nigh to Him, Through Jesus' precious blood.
 - So nigh, so very nigh to God, I cannot nearer be;

- For in the person of His Son I am as near as He.
- So dear, so very dear to God, More dear I cannot be; The love wherewith He loves the Son-Such is His love to me.
- 5. Why should I ever careful be, Since such a God is mine? He watches o'er me night and day, And tells me, "Mine is thine."
- 152. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
 - It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest.
 - Dear name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hiding-place, My never-failing treasury, filled With boundless stores of grace.
- Jesus! my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King, My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Accept the praise I bring.
- 5. Weak is the effort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought; But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- Till then I would Thy love proclaim With every fleeting breath;
 And may the music of Thy name Refresh my soul in death.
- 245. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers; Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.
 - Look how we grovel here below, Fond of these earthly toys; Our souls, how heavily they go To reach eternal joys.
- In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise:
 Hosannahs languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- 4. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers; Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours.



Christ can all your sins forgive: Look to Jesus, look and live! 160.

WHEN this passing world is done, When has sunk yon radiant sun, When I stand with Christ on high, Looking o'er life's history: Then, Lord, shall I fully know— Not till then-how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne, Dressed in beauty not my own; When I see Thee as Thou art, Love Thee with unsinning heart:

Look to Jesus, look and live! Then, Lord, shall I fully know— Not till then —how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear, Loud as thunder to the ear, Loud as many waters' noise, Sweet as harp's melodious voice: Then, Lord, shall I fully know-Not till then-how much I owe.

E'en on earth, as through a glass Darkly let Thy glory pass;

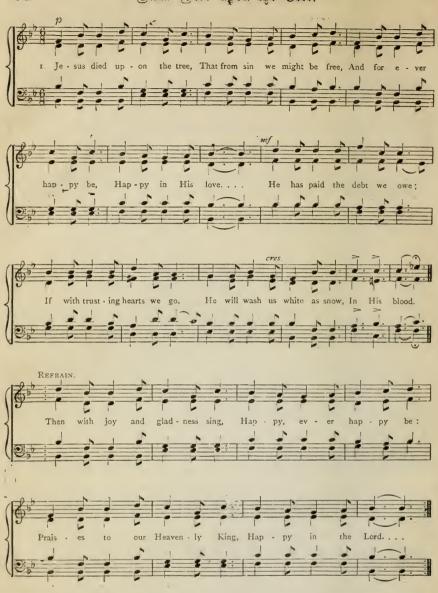
Make forgiveness feel so sweet, Make Thy Spirit's help so meet: E'en on earth, Lord, let me know Something of the debt I owe.

Chosen not for good in me, Wakened up from wrath to flee; Hidden in the Saviour's side, By the Spirit sanctified: Teach me, Lord, on earth to show By my love, how much I owe.

51. WHEN I survey the wondrous cross. Arranged under No. 17.

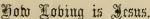






Lord, we bring our hearts to Thee;
Dying love is all our plea,
Thine for ever we would be—
Jesus, ever Thine
Jesus smiles and bids us come;
In His loving arms there's room,
And He'll bear us safely home—
Home above.

When we reach that shining shor All our sufferings will be o'er; Then we'll sigh and weep no more In that land of love; But in robes of spotless white, And with crowns of glory bright, We will range the fields of light, Evermore.





3. How precious is Jesus to all who believe! And out of His fulness what grace they receive! When weak He supports them, when erring He guides, And everything needful He kindly provides.

Oh, give then to Jesus your earliest days; They only are blesséd who walk in His ways: In life and in death He will still be their Friend, For those whom He loves He will love to the end.

105.

OH, turn ye! oh, turn ye! For why will ye die, When God, in great mercy, Is coming so nigh? Now Jesus invites you, The Spirit says, "Come," And angels are waiting To welcome you home.

167. DRAW nearer, my Saviour;

> Safe, safe in the fold: More watchful and trusting, Oh, help me to be

In mercy behold

And keep me for ever,

More holy, dear Saviour, More faithful to Thee.

How vain the delusion That, while you delay, Your hearts may grow better By staying away! Come wretched, come starving, Come-happy to be-While streams of salvation

More humble in spirit, More fervent in prayer,

Are flowing so free.

More cheerful and willing My trials to bear: More earnest in labour Oh, help me to be-

More holy, dear Saviour, More faithful to Thee.

Oh, how can we leave you? Why will you not come? 'Tis Jesus entreats you; He bids you come home. Oli, turn ye! oh, turn ye! For why will ye die, When God, in great mercy,

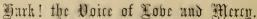
Is coming so nigh?

Come, blessed Redeemer, Now dwell in my heart; My hope and my comfort For ever Thou art; In all my temptations, Oh, help me to be More holy dear Saviour,

More faithful to Thec.

56. ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed? See "Songs and Solos," No. 86.

57. O Christ what burdens bowed Thy head: See "Songs and soios," No. 14





2. "It is finished!" Oh, what pleasure Do the wondrous words afford! Heavenly blessings without measure Flow to us through Christ the Lord. "It is finished!" Saints, the dying words record!

58.

3. Saints and angels, shout His praises! Children, join to sing the same! All on earth, and all in heaven, Join to sing Immanuel's name! Hallelujah! Endless glory to the Lamb!







2. Thou Man of Sorrows, hearts like ours
Thy griefs can never know;
No youthful tongues, no mortal powers,
Can utter half Thy woe.
Yet 'twas for us Thy tears were shed,
For us they pierced Thy side;
To bring us help the Saviour bled,

To give us life He died.

3. Dear suffering Saviour, let us stay
To gaze and think of Thee,
And never coldly turn away
From sacred Calvary.
Oft may we gather round Thy feet,
To praise Thy dying love,
Till to behold Thy face we meet
In purer scenes above.

66. THERE is a gate that stands ajar. See "Songs and Solos," No. 2.



I Have Beard of the Sabiour's Love.—continued.



- 3. I've been told of a heaven on high, Which the children of Jesus shall see; But is there a place in the sky Made ready and furnished for me?
- 4. Lord, answer these questions of mine, To whom shall I go but to Thee? And say by Thy Spirit divine, There's a Saviour and heaven for me.

Bark! a Voice is Beard from Beaben.

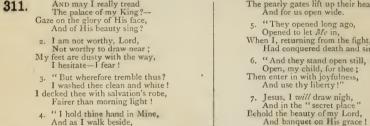
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- 68. HARK! a voice is heard from heaven,
 Speaking pardon full and free;
 Come, and thou shalt be forgiven,
 Boundless mercy flows for thee—
 Even thee, even thee,
 Boundless mercy flows for thee.
 - See the healing fountain springing
 From the Saviour on the tree;
 Pardon, peace, and cleansing bringing:
 Lost one, loved one, 'tis for thee—
- Hear His love and mercy speaking—
 "Come and trust thy soul with Me;
 Though thy heart for sin be breaking,
 I have rest and peace for thee"—
- Every sin shall be forgiven;
 Thou through grace a child shalt be,
 Child of God, and heir of heaven;
 Yes, a mansion waits for thee—
- There in love for ever dwelling, Jesus all thy joy shall be; And thy song shall still be telling All His mercy did for thee—

For Tune, see "Songs and Solos," No. 56.

- 69. THERE is life for a look at the Crucified One. See "Songs and Solos," No. 32.
- 70. "WHOSOEVER heareth!" shout, shout the sound! See "Songs and Solos, No. 24.





72. COME to the Saviour, make no delay. See "Songs and Solos," No. 16.



Come to the Sabiour Row!-continued.



Come to the Saviour now! He suffered all for thee, And in His merits thou Hast an unfailing plea. No vain excuses frame, For feelings do not stay;

None who to Jesus came Were ever sent away.

Come to the Saviour now! Ye who have wandered far, Renew your solemn vow, For His by right you are. Come, like poor wandering sheep Returning to His fold! His arm will safely keep,

His love will ne'er grow cold.

Come to the Saviour, all! Come to the Saviour, all!
Whate'er your burdens be;
Hear now His loving call—
"Cast all your care on Me."
Come! and for every grief,
In Jesus you will find
A sure and safe relief,
A loving Friend and kind.



Oh, come this place within! Jesus is here! Jesus is here!

He sees you full of sin,—

Jesus is here! Jesus is here!

He knows you when you come,

Poor, wretched, and undone,

Seeking Him and Him alone!

Lesus is here!

Lesus is here!

Jesus is here! Jesus is here!

Come then to Jesus now! Come then to Jesus now!
Jesus is here! Jesus is here!
All near Him lowly bow!
Jesus is here! Jesus is here!
Oh, ye that feel your sin,
And coming long have been,
Now find your rest in Him!
Jesus is here! Jesus is here!

Oh, come to Jesus now! Oh, come to Jesus now!
Jesus is here! Jesus is here!
Old and young, together bow!
Jesus is here! Jesus is here!
Oh, what a glorious thing.
Sin's weary bad to bring,
And lose it while we sing! And lose it while we sing!

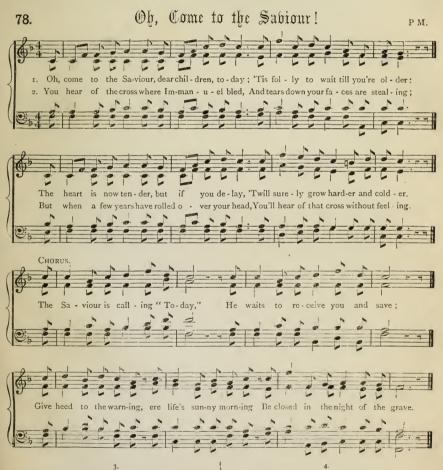
Jesus is here! Jesus is here!



Jesus Row is Calling.—continued.



- Children, He will never Prove unkind, untrue;
 Trust in Him, He'll ever Guide you safely through.
- Why do you still linger?
 Jesus bids you come,
 Crowns He'll give in glory,
 When life's race is run.
- 4. We will heed His calling,
 And no longer roam;
 We will try to serve Him,
 Till He calls us home.
- 77. To-DAY the Saviour calls. See "Songs and Solos," No. 71.



How many short graves in the churchyard you see! How many dear children there slumber! And few may the years of your pilgrimage be; No mortal ean tell us their number. Then hasten to Jesus, dear children, to-day, He'll save you from sin and from sorrow; Give your hearts to Him now, and no longer delay, For you cannot be sure of to-morrow.



- Oh, won't you love the Saviour
 While you're young?
 For you He left His glory,
 And embraced a cross so gory;
 Won't you heed the melting story
 While you're young?
- Remember, death may find you
 While you're young;
 For friends are often weeping,
 And the stars their watch are keeping
 O'er the grassy graves, where, sleeping,
 Lie the young.
- 4. Oh, walk the path to glory While you're young; And Jesus will befriend you, And from danger will defend you, And a peace Divine will send you While you're young.
- 5. Then won't you be a Christian While you're young?
 Why from the future borrow,
 When, ere comes another morrow,
 You may weep in endless sorrow
 While you're young?



Jesus Christ is Calling Thee.—continued.

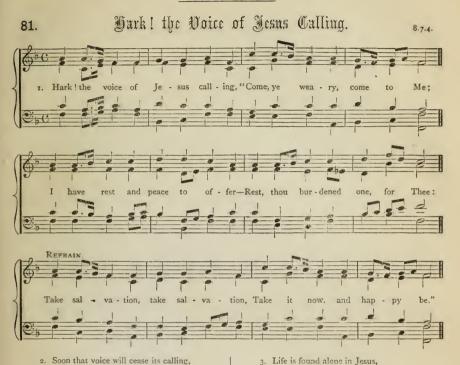
- He is waiting thee to bless;
 Come now! come now!
 Now to Him thy sins confess;
 Simply trust Him now!
- Longer do not stay away;
 Come now! come now!
 Now at once for mercy pray;
 Simply trust Him now!

- 4. All our sins on Him were laid; Come now! come now! Full atonement He has made; Simply trust Him now!
- 5. Why then wilt thou longer wait?

 Come now! come now!

 Why not, ere it be too late,

 Simply trust Him now?



Take it now, and happy be.*

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy.
Weak and wounded, sick and sore!
Jesus ready stands to save you.

Now it speaks, and speaks to thee;

Sinner, heed the gracious message,

To the blood for refuge flee:

"Take salvation,

- Full of pity, love, and power;
 He is able,
 He is willing: doubt no more.
- Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness He requireth
 Is to feel your need of Him:
 This He gives you;
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

- Only there 'tis offered thee—
 Offered without price or money;
 'Tis the gift of God; 'tis free:
 'Take salvation,
 Take it now, and happy be."
- Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Lost and ruined by the Fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all:
 Not the righteous—
 Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 4. Lo! the incarnate God ascended
 Pleads the merit of His blood;
 Venture on Him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude.
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

[Music by special permission.]



- 2. "Come unto Me, dear children, And I will give you light."
 - O loving voice of Jesus,
 Which comes to cheer the night!
 - Our hearts were filled with sadness,
 And we had lost our way;
 - But morning brings us gladness, And songs the break of day.
- 3. "And whosoever cometh,
 I will not cast him out."
 O patient love of Jesus,
 Which drives away our doubt;
 Which calls us very sinners,
 Unworthy though we be
 Of love so free and boundless,

To come, dear Lord, to Thee !



Come, Beaby-laden One .- continued.



Come like the prodigal:
 He will receive,
 He will forgive thee all;
 Only believe.
 Joy to the mourning heart
 He will restore;
 Turn from the path of sin,
 Wander no more.

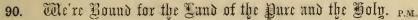
- 3. Linger not, linger not;
 Haste while 'tis day:
 Come, ere the shades of night
 Close on thy way.
 Life is a fleeting dream;
 Soon'twill be o'er;
 Turn from its fading joys,
 Wander no more.
- 84. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy. Arranged under No. 81.
- 85. Come, every soul by sin oppressed. See "Songs and Solos," No. 64.



- Come to Jesus! sin no more;
 But on thy bended knees implore,
 And knock in faith at mercy's door:
 He's sure to welcome thee.
- Come to Jesus! all is free:
 Hark! how He calls "Come unto Me!
 I cast out none, I ll pardon thee."
 Oh, thou shalt welcome be.
- Come to Jesus! cling to Him; He'll keep thee far from paths of sin, Thou shalt at last the victory win; And He will welcome thee.
- 5. Come to Jesus !—Lord, I come; Weary of sin, no more I'd roam, But with my Saviour be at home: I know He'll welcome me.



- Like mountains of dark guilt before your eyes: His blood was spilt, His precious life He gave, That mercy, peace, and pardon you might have.
- Go and tell Jesus: He'll dispel thy fears,
 Will calin thy doubts, and wipe away thy tears:
 He'll take thee in His arms; and on His breast
 Thou may'st be happy, and for ever rest.
- 88. MOURNER, wheresoe'er thou art. See "Songs and Solos," No. 90.
- 89. "YET there is room!" The Lamb's bright hall of song. See "Songs and Solos," No. 31.





- 3. No poverty there; no, the saints are all wealthy, The heirs of His glory whose nature is love: No sickness can reach them, that country is healthy: Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?
- 4. March on, happy pilgrims, the land is before you, And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove; Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory, And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.

91. I HAVE a Saviour, He's pleading in glory. See "Songs and Solos," No. 106.

92. Rehold One Standing at the Door.

L.M.

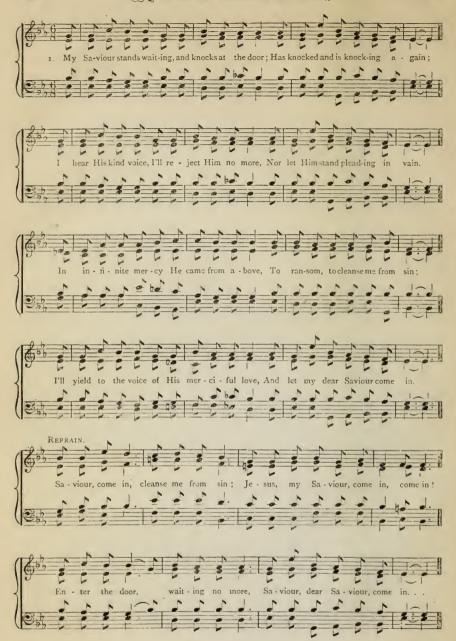
Behold One standing at the door, And hear Him pleading evermore, With gentle voice above the din, "Let Me come in! let Me'come in!"

'Tis Jesus standing at the door, Oh, hear Him pleading evermore; Come, weary heart, oppressed with sin, Say, "Enter in, Lord, enter in!"

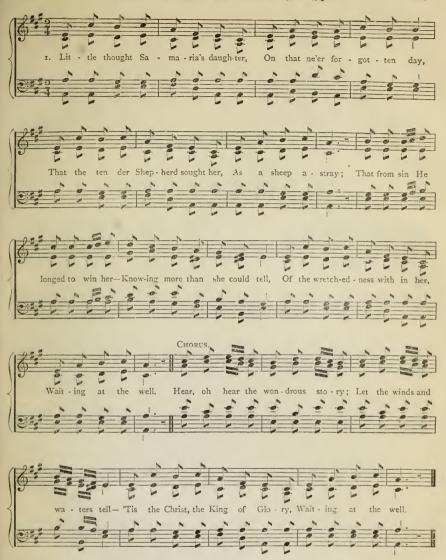
- He bore the cruel thorns for thee, Has waited long and patiently; Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin, Say, "Enter in, Lord, enter in!"
- 3. He brings thee joy from heaven above, He brings thee pardon, peace, and love: Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin, Say, "Enter in, Lord, enter in!"

For Tune, see "Songs and Solos," No. 48.

- 93. BEHOLD, a Stranger at the door. Arranged under No. 17.
- 94. Knocking! knocking! who is there? Sec "Songs and Solos," No. 19.



- 2. O Saviour, my Ransom, Redeemer, and Friend. The Life, and the Truth, and the Way:
 - On Thy precious merit alone I depend; Dwell in me, and keep me, I pray.
- Thy goodness hath opened the door of my heart— 'Tis open in welcome to Thee:
- Come in, blessed Saviour, and never depart; Come in, with Thy mercy, to me.



- 2. 'Neath the stately palm-tree swaying,
 Listened she to words of truth;
 While each thought was backward straying
 O'er her wasted youth.
 Hastening homeward, with desire
 - All His wondrous speech to tell, Asked she, "Is not this Messiah Waiting at the well?"

3. Living waters still are flowing,
Full and free for all mankind,
Blessings sweet on all bestowing;
All a welcome find.
All the world may come and prove Him;
Every doubt will Christ dispel,
When each heart shall truly love Him,
Waiting at the well.

JESUS Christ is passing by, Sinner, lift to Him thine eye; As the precious moments flee, Cry, "Be merciful to me!"

- 2. Jesus Christ is passing by; Will He always be so nigh? Now is the accepted day, Seek for healing while you may.
- 3. Lo! He stands and calls to thee,
 "What wilt thou then have of Me?"

Rise, and tell Him all thy need; Rise,—He calleth thee indeed.

- 4. "Lord, I would Thy mercy see; Lord, reveal Thy love to me; Let it penetrate my soul, All my heart and life control."
- Oh, how sweet! the touch of power
 Comes,—it is salvation's hour;
 Jesus gives from guilt release,
 "Faith hath saved thee: go in peace!"

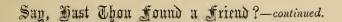
For Tune, see" Songs and Solos," No. 138.

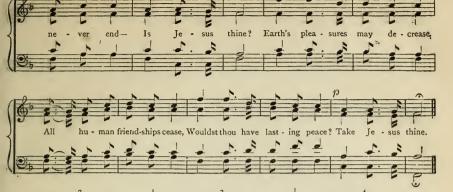


- "Long hast thou been Satan's captive,
 I will set thee free;
 Then, rejoicing in thy freedom,
 Follow Me."
- 4. Many times has Jesus spoken, Now He speaks again; Shall thy Saviour's invitation Be in vain?

- Soon that voice will cease its calling, Wilt thou still delay?
 Wait no longer, sin grows stronger, Yield to-day.
- Saviour, I will wait no longer, Now to Thee I come;
 And when life's short voyage is over, Take me home.







Think what He's done for thee—
Is Jesus thine?
He has bled upon the tree—
Is Jesus thine?
See the sun in darkness hide
When for you the Saviour died,
For you was crucified:
Take Jesus thine.

He is a Friend indeed—
Is Jesus thine?
He'll be the Friend you need—
Is Jesus thine?
He's knocking, let Him in!
There's no other friend like Him;
He'll cleanse your soul from sin:
Take Jesus thine.

Say, is thy soul at rest?

Is Jesus thine?
Jesus alone can bless:
Is Jesus thine?
Wouldst thou in glory dwell,
And with saints in rapture tell,
He "hath done all things well"?
Take Jesus thine.

134. 1. Now I have found a Friend.

Jesus is mine;
His love shall never end,
Jesus is mine.
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though human friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace,
Jesus is mine.

Though I grow poor and old,

Jesus is mine;

He will my faith uphold,
Jesus is mine.
He shall my wants supply,
His precious blood is nigh;
Nought can my hope destroy,
Jesus is mine.

When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine;
In the great Judgment-day,
Jesus is mine.
Oh, what a glorious thing

Then to behold my King!
On tuneful harp to sing,
Jesus is mine!

Farewell, mortality!
Jesus is mine;
Welcome, eternity!
Jesus is mine.
He my redemption is,
Wisdom and righteousnes;
Life, light, and holiness:
Jesus is mine.

224.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
"Worthy is our Saviour King;"
Loud let His praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye.

Come to this happy land,
Come, come away:
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run,
Be a crown, a kingdom, won;
And bright above the sun,
Reign, reign for aye.

308.

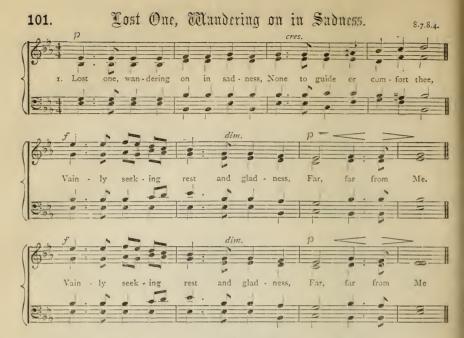
HARK! 'tis the watchman's cry,
Wake, brethren, wake!
Jesus, our Lord, is nigh;
Wake, brethren, wake!
Sleep is for sons of night,
Ye are children of the light,
Yours is the glory bright;
Wake, brethren, wake!

Call to each waking band,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Clear is our Lord's command,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Be ye as men that wait
Always at the Master's gate,
E'en though He tarry late;
Watch, brethren, watch!

Heed we the steward's call, Work, brethren, work!
There's room enough for all, Work, brethren, work!
This vineyard of the Lord Constant labour will afford;
Yours is a sure reward:
Work, brethren, work!

Hear we the shepherd's voice,
Pray, brethren, pray!
Would ye his heart rejoice,
Pray, brethren, pray!
Sin calls for constant fear,
Weakness needs the Strong One near:
Long as ye struggle here,
Pray, brethren, pray!

Now sound the final chord, Praise, brethren, praise; Thrice holy is our Lord, Praise, brethren, praise! What more befits the tongues, Soon to lead the angels' songs, While heaven the note prolongs? Praise, brethren, praise!



- 2 Peace I offer, and Salvation, Pardon, blood-bought, full and free, Spurn no more My invitation, Come, come to Me.
- 3. Long I've watched thee blindly straying, Long have I been calling thee; Time flies swiftly, cease delaying, Haste, haste to Me.
- 4. Lord, I come, my sins confessing,
 Jesus' blood my only plea;
 Keep me in the path of blessing,
 Close, close to Thee.
- 5. Then, when I am called to sever
 From the friends so dear to me,
 I shall dwell in heaven for ever,
 Blest, blest with Thee.
- 266. Book of grace! and book of glory!
 Gift of God to age and youth,
 Wondrous is Thy sacred story,
 Bright, bright with truth.
 - 2. Book of love! in accents tender
 Speaking unto such as we;
 May it lead us, Lord, to render
 All, all to Thee.
 - 3. Book of hope! the spirit sighing, Sweetest comfort finds in Thee,

- As it hears the Saviour crying, "Come, come to Me!"
- 4. Book of peace! when nights of sorrow
 Fall upon us drearily,
 Thou wilt bring a shining morrow,
 Full, full of Thee.
- Book of life! when we, reposing, Bid farewell to friends we love, Give us, for the life then closing, Life, life above.

102. CHILDREN, you have gone astray. Arranged under No. 50

103. Time is Earnest, Passing By.

- Time is earnest, passing by:
 Death is earnest, drawing night
 Say, child, wilt thou trifling be?
 Time and death appeal to thee
- 2 Life is earnest; when 'tis o er, Thou returnest never more; Soon to meet eternity. Wilt thou never serious be?
- 3. God is earnest: kneel and pray, Ere the season pass away;

- Fire He set His Judgment-throne; Ere the day of grace be gone.
- 4- Christ is earnest, bids thee come, Paid thy spirit's priceless sum: Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love, Pleading with thee from above?
- 5 Oh, be earnest, do not stay!
 Thou may st perish, e en to-day
 Rise, thou lost one, rise and flee;
 Lo! thy Saviour waits for thee.

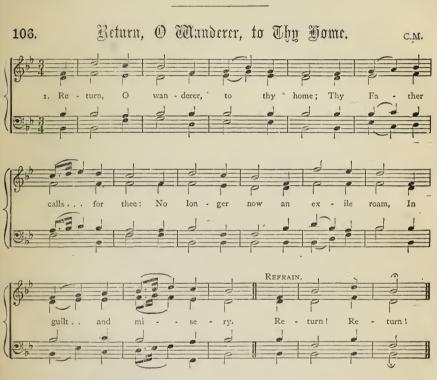
Hasten, Sinner, to be Mise.

75

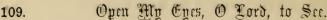
- HASTEN, sinner, to be wise; Stay not for the morrow's sun: Wisdom, if you still despise, Harder is she to be won.
- Hasten mercy to impiore, Stay not for the morrow's sun; Lest thy season should be o'er Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return:
 Stay not for the morrow's sun:
 Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
 Ere salvation's work be done.
- 4. Lord, do Thou the sinner turn,
 Rouse him from his careless state;
 Let him not Thy mercy spurn—
 Mourn his fatal choice too late.

For Tune, see "Songs and Solos," No. 138.

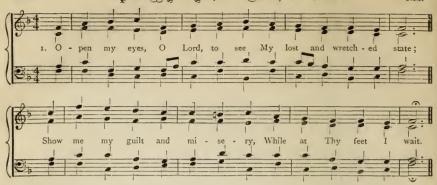
105. OH, turn ye! oh, turn ye! Arranged under No. 55.



- Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
 "Tis Jesus calls for thee:
 The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come!"
 Oh then, for refuge flee!
- 3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home, 'Tis madness to delay; There are no pardons in the tomb, And brief is mercy's day.
- 107. "ALMOST persuaded"—now to believe. See "Songs and Solos," No. 52.
- 108. Oh, do not let the Word depart. Arranged under No. 47.







- 2. Help me to hear the dying groans
 Of Jesus on the tree:
 "This blood for all thy sin atones—
 'Tis finished'—all for thee."
- 3. Oh, how can I neglect such love, So freely shown to me, In Jesus dying on the cross, From sin to set me free?
- I know there's no escape for me, If I should still deny My Lord, who bled on Calvary, To raise my soul on high.
- Dear Saviour, now to Thee I fly From slavery and guilt; My hopes, my all, on Thee rely— Thy blood for me was spilt.
- 300. Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, Uttered or unexpressed,
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.
 - 2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear,
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.
 - 3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech That infant lips can try;

- Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach The Majesty on high.
- Prayer is the Christian's vital breath;
 The Christian's native air:
 His watchword at the gate of death—
 He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5. O Thou, by whom we come to God, The Life, the Truth, the Way! The path of prayer Thyself hast trod; Lord, teach us how to pray!

110. I'm thinking of my sins. Arranged under No. 75.



- 2. Holiness I've none to plead, Sinfulness in all I see; I can only bring my need: "God be merciful to me!"
- 3. Broken heart and downcast eyes
 Dare not lift themselves to Thee;
 Yet Thou canst interpret sighs:
 "God be merciful to me!"
- 4. There is One beside the throne;
 And my only hope and plea
 Are in Him and Him alone;
 "God be merciful to me!"
- 5. He my cause will undertake, My interpreter will be; He's my all, and for His sake, "God be merciful to me!"

- 154. HARK! my scul, it is the Lord; Tis thy Saviour, hear His word; Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee—"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?
 - "I delivered thee when bound, And, when wounded, healed thy wound, Sought thee wandering, set thee right, Turned thy darkness into light.
 - 3. "Mine is an unchanging love, Higher than the heights above,

- Deeper than the depths beneath, Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 4. "Thou shalt see My glory soon, When the work of grace is done; Partner of My throne shalt be: Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"
- Lord, it is my chief complaint That my love is weak and faint: Yet I love Thee and adore; Oh for grace to love Thee more!
- 176. Saviour, Thou art ever near,
 Thou my humble prayer wilt hear;
 And I plead Thy promise kind,
 "Early seek, and ye shall find."
 - I am very full of sin, Jesus, make me pure within; Lead me to the heavenly flood, Wash me in Thy precious blood.
 - Lord, I want to be Thy child, Make me gentle, meek, and mild;

- I would pure and holy be, Teach me how to come to Thee.
- 4. When I go to work or play, Be Thou with me day by day; When I seek my quiet bed, Let Thy wings be o'er me spread.
- 5. Saviour, hold me lest I fall, Deign to hear me whilst I call; Oh, regard my humble cry, Save me, Jesus, or I die.

The above two Hymns to be sung to the same Tune as No. 111, on preceding page.



- I have long withstood His grace, Long provoked Him to His face; Would not hearken to His calls, Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
- Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands; God is love! I know, I feel; Jesus lives, and loves me still.

76:

May also be sung to une No. 11, without Chorus.

113.

I. JESUS, Saviour, pity me.
Hear me when I cry to Thee!
I've a very wicked heart,
Full of sin in every part.

Dear Jesus, hear me; Oh, listen to my prayer!

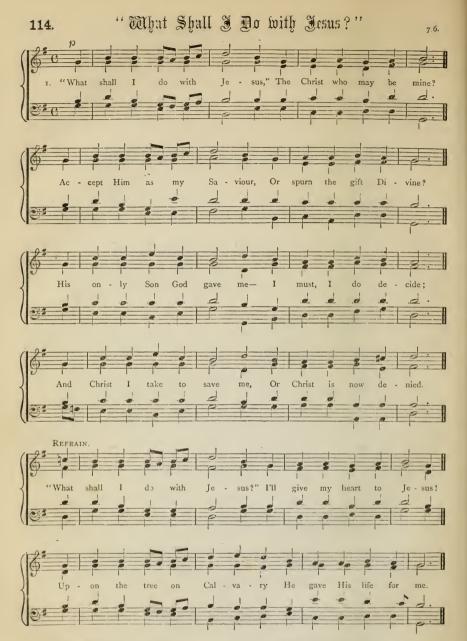
2. I can never make it good;
Wilt Thou wash me in Thy blood?
Jesus, Saviour, pity me;
Hear me when I pray to Thee!

- Jesus, Sabiour, Pity He.

 3. When I try to do Thy will,
 Sin is in my bosom still,
 And I soon do something bad;
 - 4. Now I come to Thee for aid,
 All my hope on Thee is stayed:
 Thou hast bled and died for me,
 I will give myself to Thee.

Then my heart is dark and sad.

For Tune, see "Songs and Solos," No. 69.



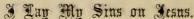
"What shall I do with Jesus,"
 The precious Lamb of God?
 I cast my soul upon Him,
 He bathes it in His blood:
 I'll gratefully confess Him
 Before the vile and just;
 My ransomed powers shall bless Him,
 My sure and only trust.

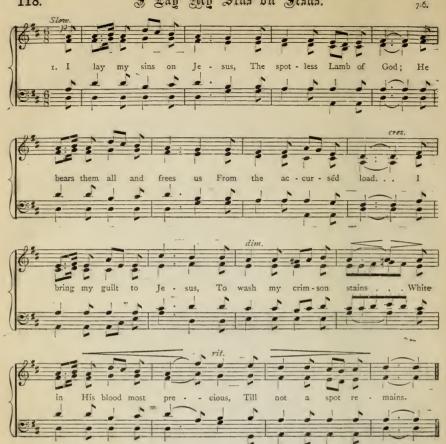
3. "What shall I do with Jesus?" For Him the cross I'll take; All earthly losses suffer, Ere I the Lord forsake. In scenes of joy and sighing His love shall be the same; While living and in dying I'll glory in His name.





I bring the load that wearies me.





2. I bring my wants to Jesus:
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem,
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,

He all my sorrows shares.

118.

3. I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's Holy Child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng;
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.





- Just as I am—though tossed about;
 With many a conflict, many a doubt; Fightings and fears, within, without-O Lamb of God, I come!
- Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve, Because Thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come!
- Just as I am—Thy love unknown
 Hath broken every barrier down;
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 141. THE wanderer no more will roam, The lost one to the fold has come! The prodigal is welcomed home, O Lamb of God, in Thee!
 - 2. Though clad in rags, by sin defiled, The Father hath embraced His child; And he is pardoned, reconciled, O Lamb of God, in Thee!

And gave me peace within.

3. It is the Father's joy to bless; His love provides for him a dress-

- A robe of spotless righteousness, O Lamb of God, in Thee!
- 4. Now shall this famished soul be fed, A feast of love for Him is spread; He feeds upon the children's bread, O Lamb of God, in Thee!
- Oh, may I in Thy likeness shine! Then shall the glory all be Thine, While everlasting joy is mine, O Lamb of God, in Thee!

And Jesus let me in!

120. I HEAR Thy welcome voice. See "Songs and Solos," No. 10.





Merping Will Hot Sabe Me,-continued.

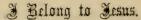
Working will not save me:
Purest deeds that I can do,
Holiest thoughts and feelings too,
Cannot form my soul anew:
Working will not save me.

Waiting will not save me: Helpless, guilty, lost I lie, In my ears is mercy's cry; If I wait I can but die: Waiting will not save me. Praying will not save me:
All the prayers that I could say
Could not wash my sins away—
The debt I owe could never pay:
Praying will not save me.

Faith in Christ will save me: Let me trust Thy gracious Son, Irust the work that He has done, To His arms, Lord, help me run: Faith in Christ will save me.



- 128. I HEAR the Saviour say. See "Songs and Solos," No 53.
- 129. THERE are angels hovering round. See "Songs and Solos," No. 55.
- 130. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day. See "Songs and Solos," No. 39.





2. I belong to Jesus!
So I'll try to spend
All my life in pleasing
My Almighty Friend.
Since He is so holy,
I must watch and pray,
That I may grow like Him
More and more each day.

131.

3. I belong to Jesus!

Therefore I can sing,
For I'm safe and happy
Underneath His wing;
But so many round me
Are all dark and cold,
I must try to bring them
Into Jesus' fold.

4. I belong to Jesus!
Soon He will be here;
If I love and trust Him,
What have I to fear?
Round about Him gathered
Will His people be;
And I'm sure that Jesus
Will remember me.

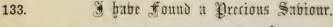
288. If I come to Jesus,
He will make me glad;
He will give me plessur:
When my heart is sad.

If I come to Jesus, Happy I shall be, Heisgently calling Little ones like me. If I come to Jesus, He will hear my prayer; For He loves me dearly, And my sins did bear.

3. If I come to Jesus, He will take my hand; He will kindly lead me To a better land.

 There with happy children, Robed in snowy white, I shall see my Saviour, In that world so bright.

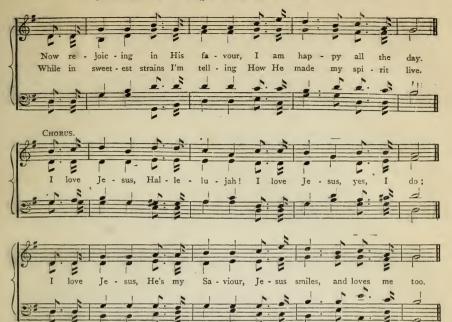
132. "I FEEL like singing all the time." Arranged under No. 14.





61

I have found a Precious Sabioux.—continued.



- Lost in sin, I wandered weary,
 Far from Jesus, far from home;
 Till He came, in love, to cheer me,
 Sweetly calling, "Wanderer, come!"
- Pardon full and free He offered, Showed His bleeding hands and side; Told me how for me He suffered, For my sins was crucified.
- Then my heart, with thanks o'erflowing, Yielded to His gracious call;
 At His feet in sorrow bowing, Gave to Him my life, my all,
- Now I'm His, yes, His for ever, Safe within His happy fold; Jesus' lambs can perish never, Love like His can ne'er grow cold.
- 212. CHRISTIANS, I am on my journey;
 Ere I reach the narrow sea,
 I would tell the wondrous story,
 What the Lord has done for me.
 Hallelujah! hallelujah
 Though a stranger here I roam,
 I am on my way to Zion,
 I'm a pilgrim going home.
 - 2. I was lost, but Jesus found me,
 Taught my heart to seek His face;

- From a wild and lonely desert Brought me to His fold of grace.
- Now my soul, with rapture glowing, Sings aloud His pardoning love, Looks beyond a world of sorrow To the pilgrim's home above.
- 4. I shall yet behold my Saviour,
 When the day of life is o'er;
 I shall cast my crown before Him,
 I shall praise Him evermore.
- 134. Now I have found a Friend. Arranged under No. 100.
- 135. O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice. See "Songs and Solos," No. 65.
- 136. A LONG time I wandered in darkness and sin. See "Songs and Solus," No. 40.



- 3. Jesus my Shepherd is; 'Twas He that loved my soul, Twas He that washed me in His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole. 'Twas He that sought the lost,
- That found the wandering sheep;
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis He that still doth keep.
- 4. No more a wandering sheep,
 I love to be controlled;
 I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
 I love the peaceful fold.
 No more a wayward child,
 I seek no more to roam;
- I love my heavenly Father's voice, I love, I love His home.



Icsus He has Sought Me. - continued.



- 2. Jesus has forgiven
 All my wicked sin;
 Jesus is in heaven,
 And He'll keep me clean!
- Jesus is my Leader, Jesus is my King; Jesus makes me happy, And of Him I'll sing.

- 4. Jesus will not leave me
 On the earth alone;
 Jesus will receive me
 To His heavenly home.
- 5. Then I shall be with Him, Jesus I shall see! How I shall adore Him For His love to me!



I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water—thirsty one,
 Stoop down and drink, and live."
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,

And now I live in Him.

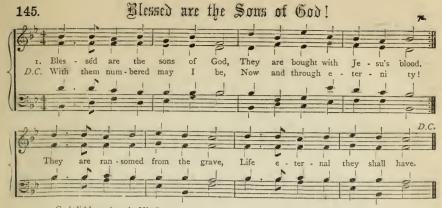
3. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me: thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.



143. Rock of Ages, cleft for me. See "Songs and Solos," No. 61.

144. Arise, my soul, arise! See "Songs and Solor," No. 163.

 Grace taught my wandering feet To tread the heavenly road; My soul with strength divine! May all my powers to Thee aspire, And all my days be Trine.



- God did love them in His Son, Long before the world begun: They the seal of this receive, When on Jesus they believe.
- They are justified by grace, They enjoy a solid peace, All their sins are washed away, They shall stand in God's great day.
- They produce the fruits of grace In the works of righteousness; Born of God, they hate all sin, God's pure word remains within.
- They have fellowship with God, Through the Mediator's blood; One with God, through Jesus one, Glory is in them begun.

146. JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness. Arranged under No. 36.





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Who on

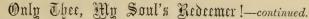
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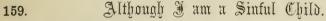
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SO





- Only Thee! I ask no other;
 Thou art more than all to me:
 Life, or health, or creature comfort—
 I would give them all for Thee.
- Only Thee, whose blood has cleansed me, Would my raptured vision see, While my faith is reaching upward, Ever upward, Lord, to Thee.
- 158. Come, Thou Fount of every blessing. Arranged under No. 44.

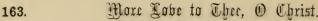




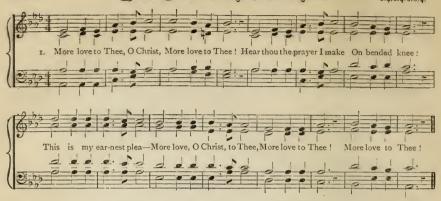
- Around my path is many a snare, Jesus is my Saviour.
 I'll seek Him every day in prayer.
 Jesus died for me.
- And since His service I've begun,
 Jesus is my Saviour.
 I'll tell His love to every one.
 Jesus died for me.
- When all my duties here are done, Jesus is my Saviour.
 He'll take me nearer to His throne. Jesus died for me.

There I shall be with Jesus,
Who died for me, who died for me;
And sing the love of Jesus,
Through all eternity.

- 160. When this passing world is done. Arranged under No. 50.
- 161. JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone. Arranged under No. 36.
- 162. HAVE you on the Lord believed? See "Songs and Solos," No. 8.



6.4.6.4.6.6.4.



Once earthly joy I craved,
 Sought peace and rest;
 Now Thee alone I seek,
 Give what is best:
 This all my prayer shall be—
 More love, O Christ, to Thee!
 More love to Thee!

3. Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise:
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise—
This still its prayer shall be—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

164. More holiness give me. See "Songs and Solos," No. 94.



 More like Jesus when I pray, More like Jesus day by day, May I rest me by His side Where the tranquil waters glide. Born of Him, through grace renewed, By His love my will subdued, Rich in faith I still would be— Let my Saviour dwell in me.

- A heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free;
 A heart that's sprinkled with the blood,
 So freely shed for me:
- A heart resigned, submissive, meek, My dear Redeemer's throne; Where only Christ is heard to speak— Where Jesus reigns alone:
- A humble, lowly, contrite heart, Believing, true, and clean;

- Which neither death nor life can part From Him that dwells within:
- 4. A heart in every thought renewed,
 And filled with love divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good.
 A copy, Lord, of Thine.
- Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart, Come quickly from above:
 Write Thy new name upon my heart, Thy new best name of Love.

For Tune, see "Songs and Solos," No. 86.

167. DRAW nearer my Saviour. Arranged under No. 55.



Of the Son of God.

287. Come to Jesus, little one,

Come to Jesus now:
Humbly at His gracious throne
In submission bow.

Mine that pierced the bleeding side

2. At His feet confess your sin; Seek forgiveness there: 4. Now my life shall all be given To my risen Lord, Doing all the way to heaven, Something in His word.

For His blood can make you clean, He will hear your prayer.

Seek His face without delay;
 Give Him now your heart:
 Tarry not; but while you may,
 Choose the better part.











 Jesus, Lord, I long for Thee, Long Thy peace to know; Grant those purer joys to me Earth can ne'er bestow.
 Jesus, Lord, I cling to Thee; When my heart is sad, Thou wilt kindly speak to me, Thou wilt make me glad.

174.

3. Jesus, Lord, I trust in Thee,
Trust Thy tender love;
There's a happy home for me
With Thy saints above.
Jesus, I would come to Thee,
Thou hast said I may;
Tell me what my life should be,
Take my sins away.

7.5.



Thou My Everlasting Portion.—continued.



- Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
 Nor for fame, my prayer shall be;
 Gladly will I toil and suffer,
 Only let me walk with Thee.
- Lead me through the vale of shadows, Lead me o'er life's fitful sea;
 Then the gate of life eternal, May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

176. SAVIOUR, Thou art ever near. Arranged under No. 111.



- We'll ask of Him to help us Along the narrow way,
 To make us good and gentle, And guide us lest we stray.
 We know His tender mercy Will every sin forgive,
 And keep us near the fountain,
 Where all may drink and live.
- 3. We'll ask Him on His bosom
 His little ones to fold,
 And bind His love around us
 Just like a chain of gold;
 To fit us for His kingdom,
 Where saints and angels bright
 Behold His face in glory,
 And praise Him day and night.



- 3. Be gentle, e'en when wronged Revenge and pride subdue; When to forgive seems hard, Ask—"What would Jesus do?"
- 4. Be brave to do the right And scorn to be untrue; When fear would whisper "Yield!" Ask—"What would Jesus do?"
- 5. Give, with a full free hand,—
 God freely gives to you;
 And check each selfish thought
 With—"What would Yesus do?"
- 6. Then let the golden thread, Woven your life-work through, Reflecting heaven's own light, Be-" What would Jesus do?"

268.

т. We love Thy house, O God, wherein Thy children

For Thou, O Lord, art here Thy little flock to greet.

We love the hour of prayer, no hour on earth so sweet For then we cast our care at our Redeemer's feet.

We love the Word of life, the Word that tells of peace; Of comfort in the strife, and joys that never cease.

We love to sing below, of mercies freely given; But oh, we long to know the triumph-song of heaven.

Lord Jesus, give us grace on earth to love Thee more, In heaven to see Thy face, and with Thy saints adore.



Teach Me to Libe!—continued.

Teach me that harder lesson—how to live;
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life;
Arm me for conflict now—fresh vigour give,
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

Teach me to live!—Thy purpose to fulfil:
Bright for Thy glory let my taper shine!
Each day renew, remould my stubborn will;
Closer round Thee my heart's affections twine.

Teach me to live! No idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart employ;
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully—
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

Teach me to live!—with kindly words for all, Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom; Waiting, with cheerful patience, till Thy call Summons my spirit to her heavenly home.

276.

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise With one accord our parting hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease, Then lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way; With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day: Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called upon Thy name. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night, Turn Thou for us its darkness into light; From harm and danger keep Thy children free, For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life, Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

8.7.

goal:

181. Life is Beal, Life is Earnest.

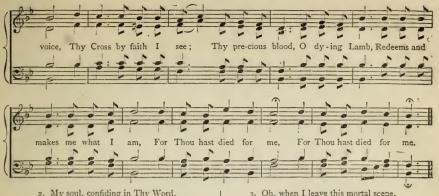


- 2. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way; But to act, that each to-morrow Find us farther than to-day.
- 3. Lives of good men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime;
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time:
- Footprints that perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's solemn main, Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother, Seeing, shall take heart again.
- Let us then be up and doing, Nor our onward course abate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labour and to wait.
- 293. SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender, I would yield that heart to Thee; All my powers to Thee surrender, Thine, and only Thine, to be.
 - 2. Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me;
 Let my youthful heart be Thine:
 Thy devoted servant make me,
 Fill my soul with love divine.
 - 3. Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me, Only do Thou guide my way;
- May Thy grace through life attend me, Gladly then shall I obey.
- 4. Let me do Thy will or bear it,
 I would know no will but Thine;
 Shouldst Thou take my life, or spare it,
 I that life to Thee resign.
- 5. Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
 To Thy service set apart;
 Suffer me to leave Thee never,
 Seal Thine image on my heart,
- 182. Go bury thy sorrow. See "Songs and Solos," No. 5.
- 183. I LEFT it all with Jesus. See "Songs and Solos," No. 28.



80

When Clouds Hang Darkly o'er My Hay .- continued.



- 2. My soul, confiding in Thy Word, Can rest securely there;
 - And feel at peace in every storm, Beneath Thy watchful care.
 - A sinner lost, but saved by grace, Be this my only plea:
 - Thy precious blood, O dying Lamb, Redeems and makes me what I am, For Thou hast died for me.
- Oh, when I leave this mortal scene,
 And rise to worlds of light;
 - Then shall I see Thee as Thou art, Arrayed in glory bright.
 - There, by the living stream Divine, My raptured song shall be:
 - Thy precious blood, O dying Lamb, Redeems and makes me what I am, For Thou hast died for me.



- 3. Let but my fainting heart be blest With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest, My God, to Thee I leave the rest: "Thy will be done."
- 4. Renew my will from day to day;
 Blend it with Thine, and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say—
 "Thy will be done."
- Then, when on earth I breathe no more
 The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
 I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 "Thy will be done."
- 187. Must Jesus bear the cross alone? Arranged under No. 60.
- 188. Jesus! and shall it ever be? Arranged under No. 17.
- 189. ASHAMED to be a Christian! Arranged under No. 15.

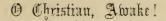


 Stand up! stand up for Jesus! Stand in His strength alone: The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own. Put on the gospel armour; And watching unto prayer, Where duty calls, or danger, Be never wanting there.

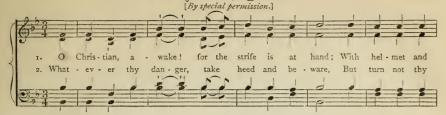
- 3. Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long:
 This day the noise of battle—
 The next the victor's song:
 To him that overcometh
 A crown of life shall be;
 He, with the King of glory,
 Shall reign eternally.
- 256. How long, O Lord, our Saviour, Wilt Thou remain away?
 Our hearts are growing weary Of Thy so long delay.
 Oh, when shall come the moment, When, brighter far than morn, The sunshine of Thy glory Shall on Thy people dawn?
 - 2. How long, O heavenly Bridegroom, How long wilt Thou delay? And yet how few are grieving, That Thou dost absent stay!

- Thy very Bride her portion
 And calling hath forgot,
 And seeks for ease and glory
 Where Thou, her Lord, art not.
- 3. Oh, wake Thy slumbering virgins; Send forth the solemn cry—Let all Thy saints repeat it—"The Bridegroom draweth nigh!" May all our lamps be burning, Our loins well-girded be, Each longing heart preparing With joy Thy face to see.
- 260. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains R. Ill down their golden sand, From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain-
 - 2. What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle!
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile!
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown;
 The heatthen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3. Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high—
 Can we, to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! oh, salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.
- 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story!
 And you, ye waters, roll!
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole:
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.





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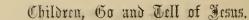








- 3. The cause of thy Master with vigour defend,
 Be watchful, be zealous, and fight to the end;
 Wherever He leads thee, go, valiantly go!
 And stand like the brave with thy face to the foe!
- 4. Press on, never doubting! thy Captain is near, With grace to supply, and with comfort to cheer; His love, like a stream in the desert will flow: Then stand like the brave with thy face to the foe!
- 192. STANDING by a purpose true. See "Songs and Solos," No. 7.
- 193. Only an armour-bearer, firmly I stand. See "Songs and Solos," No. 33.
- 194. Ho, my comrades! see the signal. See "Songs and Solos," No. 1
- 195. BRIGHTLY beams our Father's mercy. See "Songs and Solos," No 29.
- 196. WORK, for the night is coming. See "Songs and Solos," No. 66.





 Tell about His life so lowly, All His gracious acts repeat;
 Tell the Saviour's precepts holy, Tell His invitations sweet.

197.

- Tell around the wondrous story, How on Calvary's cross He died; There the Lord of life and glory For our sins was crucified.
- 4. Tell of Jesus interceding
 At the Father's throne on high;
 There He stands for sinners pleading!
 Tell them to His cross to fly.

P.M.

5. Tell each loved one, sister, brother, Schoolmate, friend, companion, tell; Children, go, tell one another— Jesus loves each one so well.

198. I LOVE to tell the story. See "Songs and Solos," No. 51.





The Lord is my Shepherd: wherever I go, Green pastures, still waters, He makes me to know; A rod to defend me, protect me, and guide: Then what can I need for my safety beside?

His sheep cannot perish, His hand is their strength; They may wander, but reach the best pasture at length: What joy in the valley of weeping to know The Lord is my Shepherd wherever I go!

270.

How sweet is the Sabbath, a morning of rest,
The day of the week I love dearest and best;
This morning my Saviour arose from the tomb,
And broke all the fetters of sin and its doom.
How sweet is the Sabbath, a morning of rest,
The day of the week I love dearest and best.

Oh, let me be thoughtful and good all the day, Nor spend e'en a moment in trifling or play; Oh, let me remember these Sabbaths were given To fit me, instruct me, prepare me for heaven. In the house of the Lord, in His presence and fear,

When I worship to-day may it all be sincere; In the school when I learn, may I do it with care, And be grateful to all who watch over me there.

Assist me, blest Saviour, wherever I be;
To live as becometh a follower of Thee;
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in Thy ways:
I would love Thee, and serve Thee, and give Thee
the praise.

200. HE leadeth me! oh, blessed thought! See "Songs and Solos," No. 95.



3. When we seek relief From a long-felt grief, When oppressed by new temptations, Lord, increase and perfect patience; Show us that bright shore Where we weep no more. 4. Jesus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; Heavenly Leader, still direct us, Still support, console, protect us, Till we safely stand In our Fatherland.



In Some May or Other.—continued.



- At some time or other
 The Lord will provide:
 It may not be my time,
 It may not be thy time;
 And yet in His own time,
 "The Lord will provide."
- 3. Despond then no longer,
 The Lord will provide;
 And this be the token—
 No word He hath spoken
 Was ever yet broken:
 "The Lord will provide."
- 4. March on then right boldly, The sea shall divide; The pathway made glorious With shoutings victorious, We'll join in the chorus, "The Lord will provide."

204. Begone, unbelief! My Saviour is near. Arranged under No. 23.

205. Tossed with Bough Minds, and Frint with Hear. 8.8.8.6.



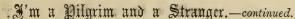
- 3. These raging winds, this surging sea, Have spent their deadly force on Me; They bear no breath of wrath to thee: "Tis I, be not afraid!"
- 4. This bitter cup, I drank it first; To thee it is no draught accurst; The Hand that gives it thee is pierced: "Tis I, be not afraid!"
- 5. Mine eyes are watching by thy bed, Mine arms are underneath thy head, My blessing is around thee shed: ""Tis I, be not afraid!"
- 6. When on the other side thy feet Shall rest, 'mid thousand welcomes sweet, One well-known Voice thy heart shall greet: "Tis I, be not afraid!"



What though the tempest rage!
 Heaven is my home:
 Short is my pilgrimage,
 Heaven is my home.
 And Time's wild wintry blast
 Soon will be overpast;
 I shall reach home at last:
 Heaven is my home.

3. Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home:
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand:
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.







3. Yes, He sees and knows me daily, Watches over me in love; Sends me help when foes assail me, Bids me look above. Soon my journey will be ended, Life is drawing to a close: I shall then be well attended—

This my Father knows.

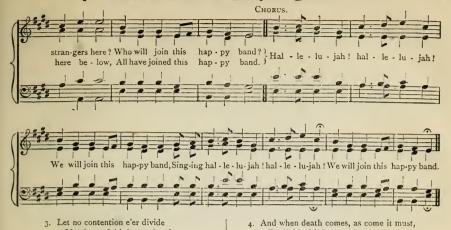
4. I shall then with joy behold Him, Face to face my Father see; Fall with rapture and adore Him, For His love to me. Nothing more shall then distress me, In the land of sweet repose: Jesus stands engaged to bless me— This my Father knows.



- 2. I'm but a youthful pilgrim;
 My journey's just begun:
 They say I'll meet with sorrow
 Before my journey's done.
 The world is full of trouble,
 And trials too, they say;
 But I will follow Jesus—
 All the way.
- Then, like a little pilgrim, Whatever I may meet, I'll take it—joy or sorrow— And lay at Jesus' feet. He'll comfort me in trouble, He'll wipe my tears away; With joy I'll follow Jesus— All the way.
- 4. Then trials cannot vex me,
 And pain I need not fear,
 For when I'm close by Jesus,
 Grief cannot come too near.
 Not even death can harm me,
 When death I meet one day;
 To heaven I'll follow Jesus—
 All the way.



Oh, Me're a Band of Brethren Dear .- continued.





And with Christ be seen.

On my heavenly way.

Cometh ever near.



- 2. Through grace I am determined
 To conquer though I die;
 And then away to Jesus,
 On wings of love I'll fly:
 Farewell to sin and sorrow,
 I bid you all adieu;
 And you, my friends, prove faithful,
 And on your way pursue.
- 3. And when you meet with trials
 And troubles on your way,
 Then cast your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray.
 Gird on the heavenly armour
 Of faith, and hope, and love;
 And when the combat's ended,
 You'll reign with Him above.



For Ever With the Lord.—continued.



A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest,

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

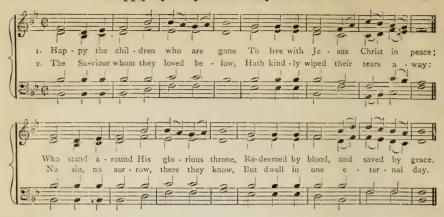
A few more suns shall set
 O'er these dark hills of time,
 And we shall be where suns are not,—
 A far serener clime

Asleep within the tomb.

- A few more storms shall beat
 On this wild rocky shore,

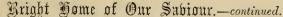
 And we shall be where tempests cease,
 And surges swell no more.
- 4. A few more struggles here, A few more partings o'er, A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more.
- A few more Sabbaths here Shall cheer us on our way,
 And we shall reach the endless rest,
 The eternal Sabbath-day.

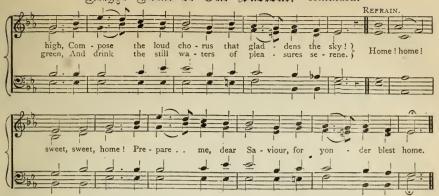
215. ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep. Arranged under No. 47.



- There to their golden harps they sing, While tens of thousands join their songs, Hosanas to the immortal King, To whom immortal praise belongs.
- 4. O gracious Saviour! when shall we Be brought with them in bliss to join?— Thy lovely countenance to see, And sing Thy mercies all Divine?
- 241. The Saviour lives, no more to die,
 He lives, the Lord enthroned on high;
 He lives, triumphant o'er the grave,
 He lives eternally to save.
 - 2. He lives to still His people's fears,
 He lives to wipe away their tears;
- He lives to plead for them above, He lives to bless them with His love.
- He lives their mansions to prepare, He lives to bring them safely there; He lives, their kind unchanging Friend, He lives, and loves them to the end-
- 291. I KNOW itis Jesus loves my soul,
 And makes the wounded spirit whole;
 My nature is by sin defiled,
 Yet Jesus loves a little child.
 - How kind is Jesus! oh, how good!
 'Twas for my soul He shed His blood;
 For children's sake He was reviled,
 For Jesus loves a little child.
- When I offend by thought or tongue, Omit the right, or do the wrong, If I repent He's reconciled, For Jesus loves a little child.
- 4. To me may Jesus now inpart,
 Although so young, a gracious heart:
 Alas! I'm oft by sin defiled,
 Yet Jesus loves a little child.







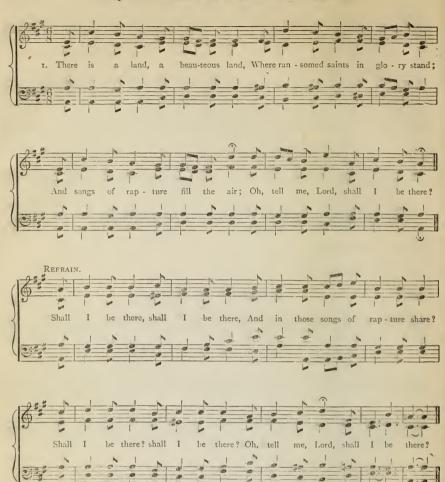
- 3. The home that our Saviour has gone to prepare— No heart can conceive of the blessedness there, Of raptures unending awaiting the just, When pure in His likeness they rise from the dust.
- 4. We bless Thee, dear Saviour, who call'st us to share The beautiful home Thou hast gone to prepare; We trust in Thy mercy that, washed from our sin, Through yonder bright gates we may all enter in.
- 218. OH, think of the home over there. See "Songs and Solos," No. 46.
- 219. JERUSALEM, my happy home! Arranged under No. 60.



And there, from of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast:
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,

For ever and for ever Are clothed in robes of white.

- 4. O sweet and blessed country
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessed country
 That eager hearts expect!
 - That eager hearts expect!
 Jesus. in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.



- 2. Shall I those glories e'er behold, Those pearly gates and streets of gold? A crown of glory shall I wear? Oh, tell me, Lord, shall I be there?
- 3. That glorious land when shall I see?
 Oh, is that blessed place for me?
 Is there a crown for me to wear?
 Shall I indeed, O Lord, be there?
- 4. Whene'er my wanderings here shall cease, Receive me into perfect peace; And may Thy voice to me declare— "Oh yes, My child, thou shalt be there!"
 - I shall be there, I shall be there,
 And in those songs of rapture share;
 I shall be there, I shall be there,
 Through faith in Christ I shall be there,

Know there's a Bright and a Glorious Land. 223.



- 2. With harps of gold, and in robes of white, With loud and ceaseless cry, They shall sing His praises day and night; Will you be there, and I?
- 3. From every kingdom on earth they'll come, All by Christ's blood brought nigh;
 - Thousands of old and thousands of young; Will you be there, and I?
- 4. If you trust the loving Saviour now, Who for sinners came to die, When He gathers His own, in that bright home,
- 5. Oh, children, haste to the glorious land, To Jesus, the Lord on high, For blest are they who shall near Him stand; Will you be there, and I?

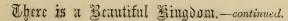
Then you'll be there, and I.

- 224. THERE is a happy land. Arranged under No. 100.
- 225. THERE'S a land that is fairer than day. See "Songs and Solos," No. 9.
- 226. THERE is a land of pure delight. See "Songs and Solos," No. 157.



- This beautiful stream is the river of life,
 It flows for all nations free:
 Λ balm for each wound in its waters is found,
- 4. Oh, will ye not drink of the beautiful stream, And dwell on its peaceful shore? The Spirit says, "Come, all ye weary ones, home, And wander in sin no more."







3. And now they lift their voices, In praises loud and sweet; And cast their crowns of victory Down at their Saviour's feet. Of victory, victory,

Their crowns, their crowns of victory;

Of victory, of victory,

Their crowns at Jesus' feet.

4. Come, all who love that kingdom, That kingdom bright and fair; Come, give your hearts to Jesus, And dwell for ever there. And praise Him, praise Him, For ever in that kingdom, That kingdom, that kingdom, That kingdom, bright and fair.



2. And though we're sinners every one, Jesus died ; And though forlorn, condemned, undone, Jesus died: We may be cleansed from every stain, We may be crowned with peace again, And in that land of pleasure reign: Jesus died.

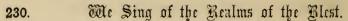
3. Then, parents, sisters, brothers, come, Come away; 'Tis time to seek that happy home, Come away: Oh, listen to that music sweet ! It comes so rich from yonder seat, Where the redeemed in glory meet, Come away.

I OFTEN think of heathen lands-261. Far away! Where many a Pagan temple stands— Far away! And there each hapless child is led To bow to idol gods its head, Whilst many a muttering chaim is said— Far away!

2. Oh, how I pity children there— Far away! Although the clime be passing fair—
Far away!
I would not leave my humble home, In fields of richest fruit to roam, If there no gospel sound should come-Far away !

3. But I will pray that God would send, Far away! Glad tidings of my Saviour Friend— Far away! And every little I can spare, Shall help to send the Bible there, And men of God the truth to bear-Far away!

4. And when the silver trumpet swells-Far away! And all the love of Jesus tells—
Far away!
Then idols shall, like Dagon, fall,
And many a child on God shall call, And own my Jesus Lord of all— Far away!







231. Give me the wings of faith to rise. See "Songs and Solos," No. 59.

The robes which the glorified wear,

The church of the first-born above;

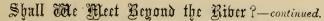
But what must it be to be there!

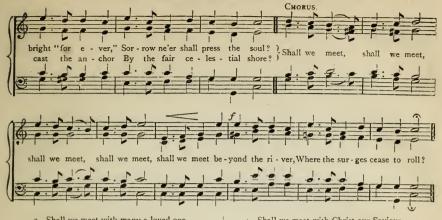


For heaven our spirits prepare;

And feel, what it is to be there!

And shortly we also shall know,



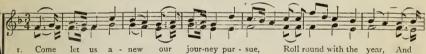


- Shall we meet with many a loved one, That was torn from our embrace?
 Shall we listen to their voices, And behold them face to face?
- 4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own? Shall we know His blesséd favour, And sit down upon His throne?

233. WE shall meet beyond the river. See "Songs and Solos," No. 109.

234. Come Let Us Anew Our Journey Pursue.

P.M.



[From the Wesleyan Psalmist. By special permission.]

- 2. His a do ra ble will let us glad-ly ful ful.

 And or a ble will let us glad-ly ful ful.

 Our life a draw our time a stream. Glidge swife he a way And the
- 3. Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream, Glides swift -ly a way; And the
 4. Oh that each in the day of His com-ing may say, "I have fought my way thro; I have
- 5. Oh that each from his Lord may re ceive the glad word, "Well and faith -ful ly done! En-ter

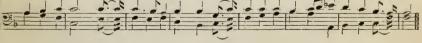




ne - verstand still till the Mas-ter ap - pear, pa-tience of hope, and the la-bour of love, fu - gi - tive mo - ment re - fu, ses to stay, fin-ished the work Thou didst give me to in - to My joy, and sit down on My throne."

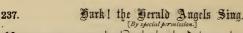
And ne -verstand still till the Mas-ter ap - pear, By the pa-tience of hope, and the la-bour of love. And the fu - gi - tive mo-ment re - fu-ses to stay, do in - to My joy, and sit down on My throne."

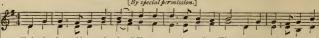
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do.



235. A FEW more years shall roll. Arranged under No. 214.

236. Angels, from the realms of glory. Arranged under No. 28.





x. Hark! the he - raid an - gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mer-cy



mild, God and sin-ners re-con-ciled!" Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Join the





- 2. Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteousness! Light and life to all He brings, Risen with healing in His wings. Midl He lays His glory by, Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them second birth.
- 3. Come, Desire of nations, come, Fix in us Thy humble home; Rise, the woman's conquering seed, Bruise in us the serpent's head: Sing we then, with angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King! Glory in the highest heaven, Peace on earth, and sins forgiven."

P.M.

238. Thou

Thon Didst Teabe Thy Throne.

[By special permission.]

Thou didst leave Thy throne, and Thy King - ly crown, When Thou camest to earth for me;

Heaven's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang, Pro - claim-ing Thy Roy-al de-gree;

The fox -es found rest, and the birds had their nest In the shade of the for - est tree;

4. Thou cam est, O Lord, with the liv - ing word That shald set Thy peo-ple fee. When heaven's ar-ches shall ring, and her choirs shall sing, At Thy com-ing to vic - to - ry

Thou Bidst Leabe Thy Throne .- continued.



- 2. The powers of death have done their worst;
 But Christ their legions has dispersed:
 Let shouts of holy joy outburst!
 Hallelujah!
- On that third morn He rose again In glorious majesty to reign;
 Oh, let us swell the joyful strain!
 Hallelujah!
- 4. He closed the yawning gates of hell; The bars from heaven's high portals fell; Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell! Hallelujah!
- 5. Lord, by the stripes that wounded Thee, From death's dread sting Thy servants free, That we may live, and sing to Thee, Hallelujah!



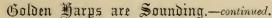
Chorus after each line, Hallelujah!

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

241. THE Saviour lives, no more to die. Arranged under No. 216.

Where the angels ever sing.







2. He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die;
Jesus, King of Glory,
Has gone up on high!

3. Praying for His children, In that blessed place; Calling them to glory, Sending them His grace; His bright home preparing, Faithful ones, for you; Jesus ever liveth, Ever loveth too.

- 281. Jesus, high in glory,
 Lend a listening ear;
 When we bow before Thee,
 Children's praises hear.
 Though Thou art so holy,
 Heaven's Almighty King;
 Thou wilt stoop to listen
 While Thy praise we sing.
- 2. We are little children,
 Weak, and apt to stray;
 Saviour, guide and keep us
 In the Heavenly way.
 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
 Watch us day by day;
 Help us now to love Thee,
 Take our sins away.
- 3. Then when Thou shalt call us
 To our heavenly home,
 We will gladly answer,
 "Saviour, Lord, we come!"
 In the many mansions,
 From all sin set free,
 Loud shall be our praises
 When Thy face we see.



- 2. He comes sweet influence to impart,
 A gracious, willing guest,
 Where He can find one humble heart
 Wherein to rest.
- 3. And His the gentle voice we hear,
 Soft as the breath of even,
 That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
 And speaks of heaven.
- 4. And every virtue we possess,
 And every victory won,
 And every thought of holiness,
 Are His alone.
- 5. Spirit of purity and grace,
 Our weakness, pitying, see:
 Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling place,
 And meet for Thee.
- 244. Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove. Arranged under No. 34.
- 245. COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove. Arranged under No. 49.

75.



- 2. If I am blind, oh give me sight, Show me myself in sin's sad plight; Show me my soul, all black with sin, And cleanse and keep me pure within.
- Oh, show me Jesus: help me rest My head upon His loving breast; Show me His bleeding hands and side, And wash me in the cleansing tide.
- 4. Oh, show me Jesus' righteousness,
 And clothe me with that glorious dress;
 Show me my title clear to heaven,
 My soul renewed, my sins forgiven.
- 5. If I am deaf, Lord, make me hear The voice of Jesus, sweet and clear; Oh, help me hear Him say to me, "Thy sins are all forgiven thee."
- If I am dumb, loose Thou my tongue To sing His praise, so long unsung; Help me to tell to sinners round, What a dear Saviour I have found.
- When, with temptations sore opprest, My weary soul can find no rest; Oh, fix mine eyes on Christ, my Lord, And help me rest upon His word!
- 297. Sweet is the precious gift of prayer,
 To bow before a throne of grace;
 To leave our every burden there,
 And gain new strength to run our race;
 To gird our heavenly armour on,
 Depending on the Lord alone.
 - And sweet the whisper of His love, When conscience sinks beneath its load, That bids our gulty fears remove,
- And points to Christ's atoning blood; Oh, then 'tis sweet indeed to know God can be just and gracious too.
- 3. But oh, to see our Saviour's face, From sin and sorrow to be freed, To dwell in His Divine embrace— This will be sweeter far indeed! The fairest form of earthly bliss Is less than nought, compared with this,



Gracious Spirit, Lobing Guide.





HOLY Lord, our hearts prepare 298. For the solemn hour of prayer; Grant that while we bend the knee, All our thoughts may turn to Thee; Let Thy presence here be found, Breathing peace and joy around.

Lord, when we approach Thy throne, Make Thy power and glory known; As Thy children, may we call

Trusting in the Saviour's blood, Softly whisper, "Wanderer, come, Follow Me, I'll guide thee home." On our Father, Lord of all, And with holy love and fear

3. Teach us, while we breathe our woes, On Thy promise to repose; All Thy tender love to trace, In the Saviour's work of grace: Let us all in faith depend On our gracious God and Friend.

At Thy footstool now appear.



- Some have left their early love, Some have grieved Thee, Holy Dove, Proved unfaithful, worldly, cold, Straying from the Master's fold.
- Call them back, for Thou canst reach Farthest ones with Thy sweet speech; Broken-hearted they shall come, Find a joyful welcome home.
- **265**. HOLY Bible, book divine! Precious treasure, thou art mine! Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine, to teach me what I am.
 - Mine, to chide me when I rove; Mine, to show a Saviour's love; Mine art Thou, to guide my feet; Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.
- COME, my soul, thy suit prepare, 299. Jesus loves to answer prayer, He Himself has bid thee pray Therefore will not say thee nay.
 - 2. Thou art coming to a King Large petitions with thee bring For His grace and power are uch, None can ever ask too much
 - With my burden I begin : Lord, remove this load of sin;

- Many near us long have been In the deadliest sleep of sin; Flash the truth upon their sight, Bid them wake to life and light.
- 5. Lord, we long Thy work to see, Precious souls renewed by Thee; Let salvation now appear, Out of Zion, glorious here.
- 3. Mine, to comfort in distress, Mine, with promise sweet to bless; Mine, to show by living faith Man can triumph over death.
- 4. Mine, to tell of joys to come; Mine, to show the sinner's doom; Holy Bible, book divine, Precious treasure, thou art mine!

Let Thy blood for sinners spilt, Set my conscience free from guilt.

- 4. Lord, I come to Thee for rest: Take possession of my breast; There Thy blood-bought right maintain. And without a rival reign.
- 5. While I am a pilgrim here, Let Thy love my spirit cheer; As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend, Lead me to my journey's end.

249. GLORY to the Father give. Arranged under No. 24.



- Bright, bright, seraphs attending, Shouts, shouts, filling the air: Down, down, swiftly from heaven, Jesus our Lord will appear: Yes, yes, oh yes, Jesus our Lord will appear.
- 4. Still, still, rest on the promise,
 Cling, cling, fast to His word;
 Wait, wait; if He should tarry,
 We'll patiently wait for the Lord:
 Yes, yes, oh yes, we'll patiently wait for the Lord.



Jesus is Coming with Joy to the Sky .- continued.



3. Are we all ready, should Jesus now call?
Oh, happy day! oh, happy day!

Would each one answer, the great and the small? - "Oh, happy day! happy day!

We long to rise up and with Thee to be, Thy face, blessed Jesus, our Saviour, to see."

Would you then, dear children, sing sweetly with me?
"Oh, happy day! happy day?"

4. Some will stay weeping, unable to sing, "Oh, happy day; oh, happy day!"

Yet all may rejoice and their glad praises bring; Oh, happy day! happy day!

For Jesus still waits, He tarries that we May trust in His name, and thus ready may be, When, brightly beaming, His glory we see:

Oh, happy day! happy day:

Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,

While heaven's resounding mansions ring

With shouts of sovereign grace.

252. WHEN He cometh, when He cometh. See "Songs and Solos," No. 17.

253. I KNOW not the hour when my Lord will come. See "Songs and Solos," No. 23.



256. Howlong, O Lord, our Saviour. Arranged under No. 190.

Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,

To still my unbelieving fear;

Nor let me fali, 1 pray.





265. Holy Bible, book divine! Arranged under No. 248.

266. Book of grace! and book of glory! Arranged under No. 101.

267. LORD, how delightful 'tis to see. Arranged under No. 34.

268. WE love Thy house, O God, wherein Thy children meet. Arranged under No. 179.

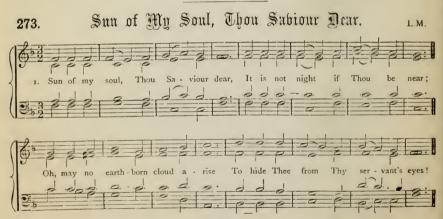
- 1. WELCOME, sacred day of rest;
 Sweet repose from worldly care;
 Day above all days the best,
 When our souls for heaven prepare;
 Day when our Redeemer rose
 Victor o'er the hosts of hell:
 Thus He vanquished all our foes,
 Let our lips His glories tell.
- Gracious Lord, we love this day, When we hear Thy holy Word;
 When we sing Thy praise, and pray: Earth can no such joys afford.
 But a better rest remains— Heavenly Sabbaths, happier days;
 Rest from sin, and rest from pains;
 Endless joys, and endless praise.

For Tune, see "Songs and Solos," No. 62.

- 270. How sweet is the Sabbath, a morning of rest. Arranged under No. 199.
- 271. THE light of Sabbath eve. Arranged under No. 75.



- Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ills that I this day have done; That with the world, myself, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as little as my bed; Teach me to die, that so I may With joy behold the Judgment day.
- 4. Oh, let my soul on Thee repose, And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,— Sleep that may me more vigorous make To serve my God when I awake.
- Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



Sun of My Soul .- continued.

- When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eyelids gently steep, Be my last thought—How sweet to rest For ever on my Saviour's breast!
- Abide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I cannot live;
 Abide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4. If some poor wandering child of Thine Have spurned to-day the voice Divine, Now, Lord, the gracious work begin; Let him no more lie down in sin.
- Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere through the world our way we take; Till, in the ocean of Thy love, We lose ourselves in heaven above.
- 295. Lord, teach a little child to pray, Give me the words I ought to say; For I am young and very weak, And know not how I ought to speak.
 - 2. The words of prayer I've often said With eyelids closed and bowéd head; But oh, I'm very much afraid That with my heart I've seldom prayed-
 - 3. But now, O God, be pleased to take Away this heart, for Jesus' sake;

- Oh, give me one that loves to pray And read the Bible every day.
- 4. Show me how, on the cruel tree, Jesus has bled and died for me; Help me to give myself to Him, That I may hate and flee from sin.
- 5. And now, O Lord, hear this my prayer: Keep me beneath Thy watchful care; And when I die, be pleased to take My soul to heaven, for Jesus' sake.

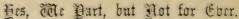


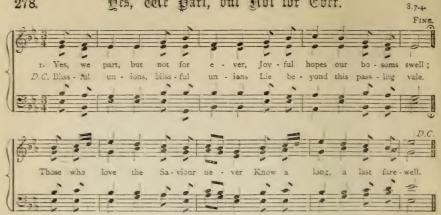
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away; Change and decay in all around I seey O Thou who changest not, abide with me

I need Thy presence every passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power? Who like Thyself my Guide and Stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless, Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness: Where is Death's string? where, Grave, thy victory? I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Reveal Thyself before my closing eyes, Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies: Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee: In life, in death. O Lord, abide with me.

- 275. SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing. Arranged under No. 12.
- 276. SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise. Arranged under No. 180.
- 277. BLESSED Jesus, ere we part. Arranged under No. 24.





2. Oh, what meetings are before us ' Brighter far than tongue can tell-Glorious meetings, to restore us Him with whom we long to dwell! With what raptures Will the sight our bosoms swell!

278.

3. Soon will cease our short-lived pleasures, Soon will fade this earth away: Brighter, fairer, nobler treasures

Wait the full redemption-day. Hail the rising Of the wished-for, new-born ray!

4. Thus we part, but not for ever; Joyful hopes our bosoms swell! They who love the Saviour never Know a last, a long farewell. Blissful unions Lie beyond this parting vale.



There's a Friend for Little Children .- continued.

3. There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by:
A crown of brightest glory
Which He shall sure bestow,
On all who love the Saviour
And walk with Him below.

4. There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music
For their hymn of victory;
And all above is pleasure,
Tis found in Christ alone:
Oh come, dear little children,
That all may be your own.

325, Wr gather in the children
From every street and lane;
To train them up for Jesus,
Eternal life to gain.
For this we band together,
And join our fervent prayer,
That Christ, the gracious Teacher,
Would bless our earnest care.

Oh, may the Spirit guide us, His holy words to trace; And while we try to teach them, May He bestow the grace.

2. We gather in the children,
Devoutly to impart
The Saviour's blessed gospel,
To every youthful heart.

3. We gather in the children,
With loving hearts and true:
And may we ne'er grow weary,
While there is aught to do!
Though hard may be our iabour,
Though tolling may be long,
And tears bedew the sowing,
We'll bind the sheaves with song.

280. How kind is the Saviour! how great is His love! Arranged under No. 23.

281. Jesus, high in glory. Arranged under No. 242.



Mothers then the Saviour sought In the places where He taught, And to Him their children brought-Little ones like me. Did the Saviour say them nay? No, He kindly bade them stay; Suffered none to turn away Little ones like me.

Children then should love Him too, Strive His holy will to do, Pray to Him, and praise Him too— Little ones like me.

283. Little Child, Jo Jon Tobe Jesus?

Little child, do you love Jesus?
 Oh, how He loves!
 Do you wish to go to heaven?
 Oh, how He loves!
 First of all, ask His forgiveness.
 With your heart: although quite helpless, Jesus little children blesses,
 Oh, how He loves!

2. He will listen to your prayer,
Oh, how He loves!
Feed you by His tender care,—
Oh, how He loves!

He became a child just like you, Here He suffered to redeem you, And at last He died to save you,— Oh, how He loves!

3 Trust Him, He will ne'er forget you,—
Oh, how He loves!
No. He never will forsake you,—
Oh. how He loves!
None from His strong hand can pluck you,
His almighty arm protects you,
Loving once He ever loves you,—
Oh, how He loves!

For Tune, see "Songs and Solos," No. 125.

284. Come, children, and learn of the infinite grace. Arranged under No. 7.



Acsus. Tender Sabiour. —continued.



- 290. JESUS loves me! this I know. See "Songs and Solos," No. 69.
- 291. I KNOW 'tis Jesus loves my soul. Arranged under No. 216.
- 292. JESUS, to Thy dear arms I flee. Arranged under No. 47.
- 293. SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender. Arranged under No. 181.

294. Lord, Teach a Little Child to Pray.

Can fit my soul with Him to live, And in His kingdom reign. C.M.

L.M.

- LORD, teach a little child to pray, Thy grace betimes impart; And grant Thy Holy Spirit may Renew my youthful heart.
- A sinful creature I was born, And from my birth have strayed; I must be wretched and forlorn Without Thy mercy's aid.
- 3. But Christ can all my sins forgive, And wash away their stain;
- 4. To Him let little children come, For He has said they may; His bosom then shall be their home, Their tears He'll wipe away.
- For all who early seek His face, Shall surely taste His love; Jesus shall guide them by His grace, To dwell with Him above.

For Tune, see "Songs and Solos," No. 86.

- 295. LORD, teach a little child to pray. Arranged under No. 273.
- 296. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! See "Songs and Solos," No. 48.
- 297. Sweet is the precious gift of prayer. Arranged under No. 246.
- 298. Holy Lord, our hearts prepare. Arranged under No. 247.
- 299. Come, my soul, thy suit prepare. Arranged under No. 248.
- 300. PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire. Arranged under No. 109.
- 301. What a Friend we have in Jesus. See "Songs and Solos," No. 117.

302. From Ebery Stormy Wind that Blows.

- FROM every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a safe retreat; 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads,—
 A place than all beside more sweet;
 It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.
- 3. There is a spot where spirits blend, And friend holds fellowship with friend; Though sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4. There, there on eagles' wings we soar, And time and sense appear no more; There heavenly joys our spirits greet, And glory crowns the mercy seat.

For Tune, see "Songs and Solos," No. 142.

- 303. MET again in Jesu's name. Arranged under No. 24.
- 304. COMMAND Thy blessing from above. Arranged under No. 3
- 305. JESUS, in Thy blest name. Arranged under No. 71.
- 306. SOLDIERS of Christ! arise. Arranged under No. 33.
- 307. YE servants of the Lord. Arranged under No. 33.
- 308. HARK! 'tis the watchman's cry. Arranged under No. 100.



Praise, Praise He the Name of Ichobah.—continued.



Praise, praise ye the Lamb, who for sinners was slain, Who went down to the grave and ascended again; And who soon shall return when these dark days are o'er, To set up His kingdom in glory and power. Her bridal attire and festal array All nature shall wear on that glorious day; For her King cometh down with His people to reign. And His presence shall bless her with Eden again.

311. And may I really tread. Arranged under No. 71.

312. My Blessed Jesus, Thou Hast Taught.

C.M.

- r. My blessed Jesus, Thou hast taught A grateful heart to sing, While sheltering my weary soul Beneath Thy loving wing.
- 2. I praise Thee for that look Divine
 Which broke my stony heart,
 And bade its sorrows and its fears
 For ever to depart.
- 3. In adoration I would bow, O Lord, before Thy throne;

And yield myself a sacrifice To Thee, and Thee alone.

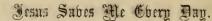
- For Thou hast bought me with Thy blood.
 And owned me as Thy child;
 And still dost walk along with me,
 Across the desert wild.
- Lord, I am Thine, and Thou art mine:
 Oh, help me by Thy grace
 To glorify Thee day by day,
 Until I see Thy face.

For Tune, see "Songs and Solos," No. 86.

313. LEAD me to the Rock that's higher. See "Songs and Solos," No. 60.



- 3. Take my voice, and let me sing Always, only, for my King; Take my lips, and let them be Filled with messages from Thee.
- 4. Take my silver and my gold,
 Not a mite would I withhold;
 Take my intellect, and use
 Every power as Thou shalt choose.
- 5. Take my will, and make it Thine; It shall be no longer mine: Take my heart, it is Thine own; It shall be Thy royal throne.
- Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treasure store: Take myself, and I will be Ever, only, all, for Thee.





2. Jesus saves when I repine, Jesus saves when I rejoice; Jesus saves when hopes decline-Faith can always hear His voice.

315.

- 3. Jesus saves when sorrows come, Jesus saves when death appears: Jesus saves and leads me home,
 Where shall end my doubts and fears.
- 4. Jesus saves me, He is mine ; Jesus saves me, I am His: Jesus saves while I recline On His precious promises.

73.

- Jesus saves, He saves from sin, Jesus saves, I feel Him nigh; Jesus saves, He dwells within, Gladly do I testify.
- 316. BENEATH the cross of Jesus. See "Songs and Solos," No. 108.
- 317. I GAVE my life for thee. See "Songs and Solos," No. 122.
- 318. NOTHING but leaves! the Sp'ri: grieves. See "Songs and Solos," No. 34.

Sowing the Seed by the Danlight Fair. 319.



Sowing the Seed by the Daylight Fair .- continued.



 Sowing the seed by the wayside high, Sowing the seed on the rocks to die; Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sowing the seed in the fertile soil; Oh, what shall the harvest be?

will the

har - vest

will the

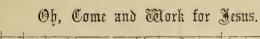
 Sowing the seed with an aching heart, Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start, Sowing the seed till the reapers come, Gladly to gather the harvest home: Oh, what shall the harvest be?

har - vest

har - vest,



- 2. Our field is the world, and our work is before us,
 To each is appointed a message to bear;
 At home or abroad, in the cottage or palace,
 Wherever directed, our mission is there.
- 3. Perhaps we are called from the highways and hedges To gather the lowly, despised, and oppressed; If this be our duty, then why should we falter? We'll do it, and trust to our Saviour the rest.



323.

Oh, come and work for Je - sus, With cheer - ful hearts and true, And tell the love of le - sus! We've ma - ny jew - els То for us work rare sus, Who bled died for and you. Oh, come and work for Ĭn sus. Je S115. To Crown 0111 la - bours there: Then let us work for Te SHS Be -The seed you sow weak - ness, Shall not rain: sun-shine or in in he SOWD in vain. fore the sun goes down: We've hearts to win for Je - sus, Ere we can wear crown. CHORUS work, glad ly work for Je - sus, There's a glo-rious work for all: Work way

dine.

with day, Till the sha - dows fall: Then home and the go wear a crown.

324. ONE more day's work for Jesus. See "Songs and Solos," No. 30.

325. WE gather in the children. Arranged under No. 279.

Conbert Our Children, Lord!

1. CONVERT our children, Lord! As teachers this we seek; For this we look, and hope, and long, And labour week by week.

326.

2. Convert our children, Lord! Their evil hearts subdue; And by Thy grace and Spirit's power Create them all anew.

3. Convert our children, Lord! Oh, save their souls from death; Give them to know Thee, and Thy ways, And walk with Thee by faith.

S.M.

4. Convert our children, Lord!

Do not the work delay; Hallow the spring-time of their life, The morning of their day.

5. Convert our children, Lord! Our souls in earnest cry :

Get glory to Thy holy name. And bring salvation nigh.

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